YANK

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Sketches of a South Pacific Bomber Crew in Action

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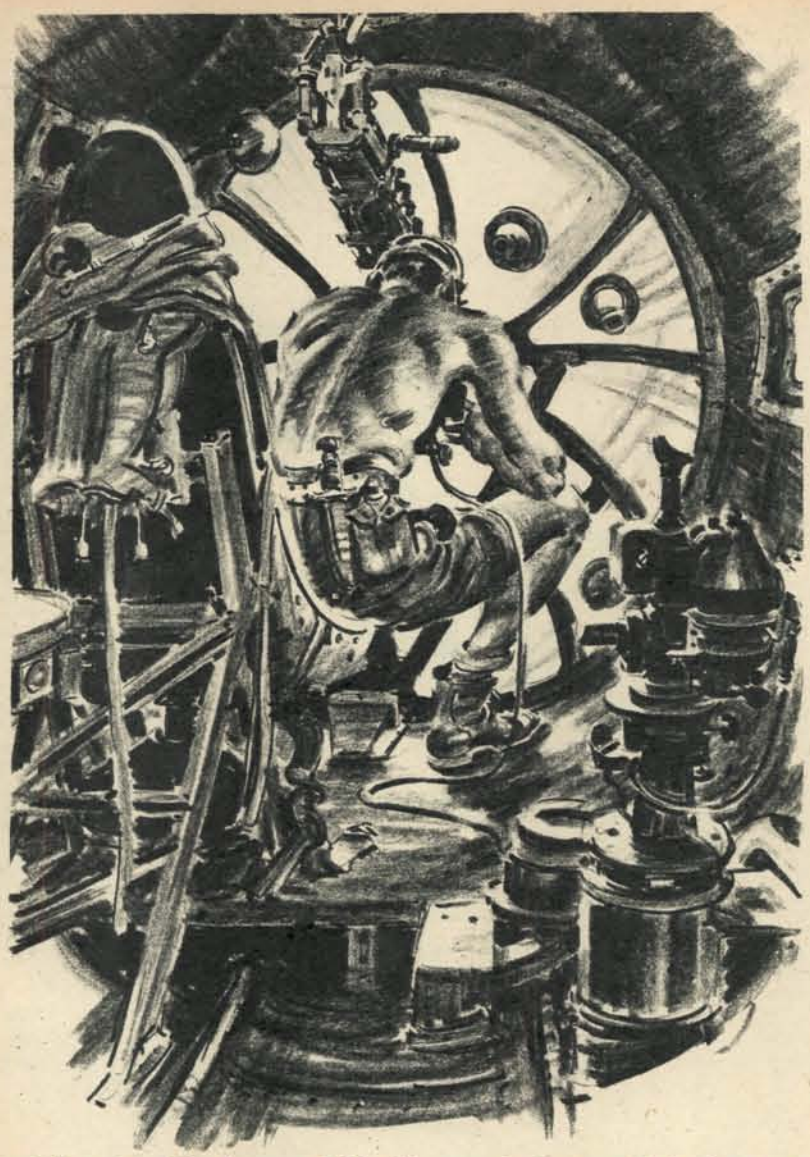
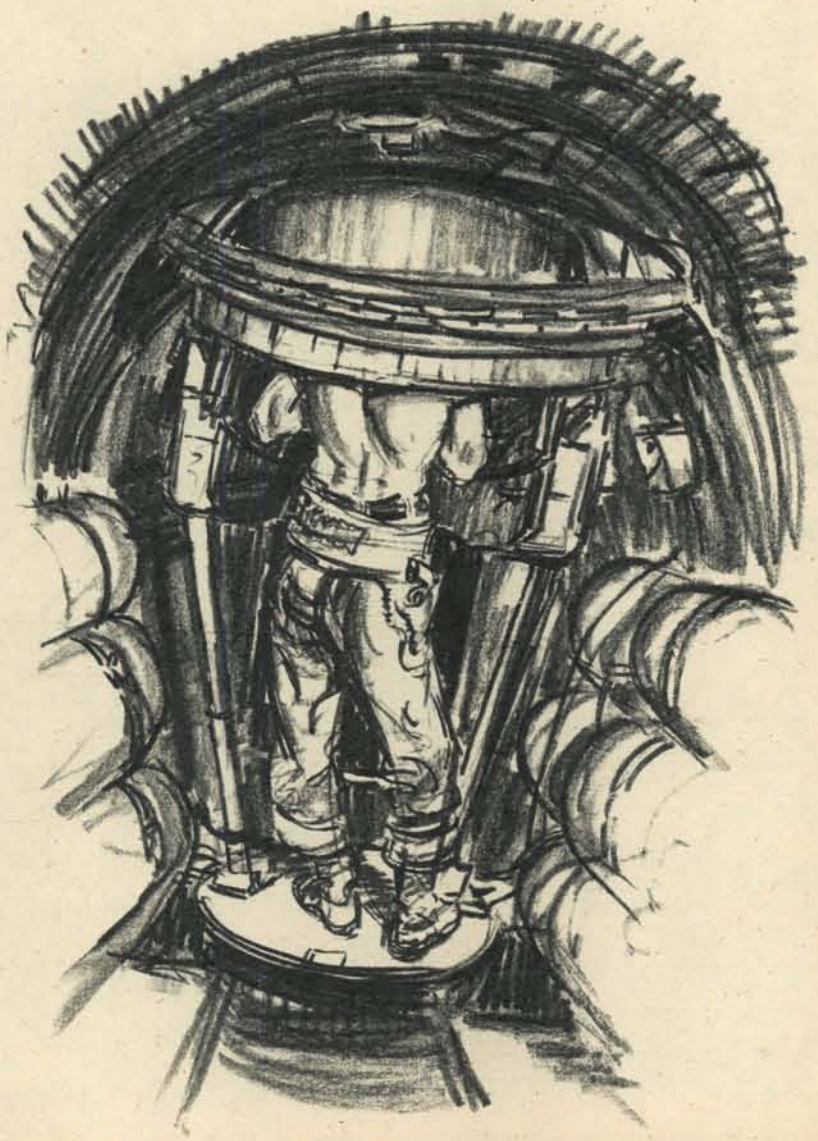


S/Sgt. Ross Henderson of Washington, D. C., one of the few enlisted bombardiers in the South Pacific, squats in the sunny nose.

T/Sgt. Walt J. Sidler, crew chief, stands on the bomb-bay catwalk and watches the fragmentation personnel bombs fall.

Chief radio operator, Sgt. Anton H. Schmidt of Seattle, Wash., has taken plenty of shots at Japs with his gun in the radio hatch.



T/Sgt. Sidler, with a fancy Western gun belt around his waist, works the 50s on the top turret. Oxygen tanks line the walls.

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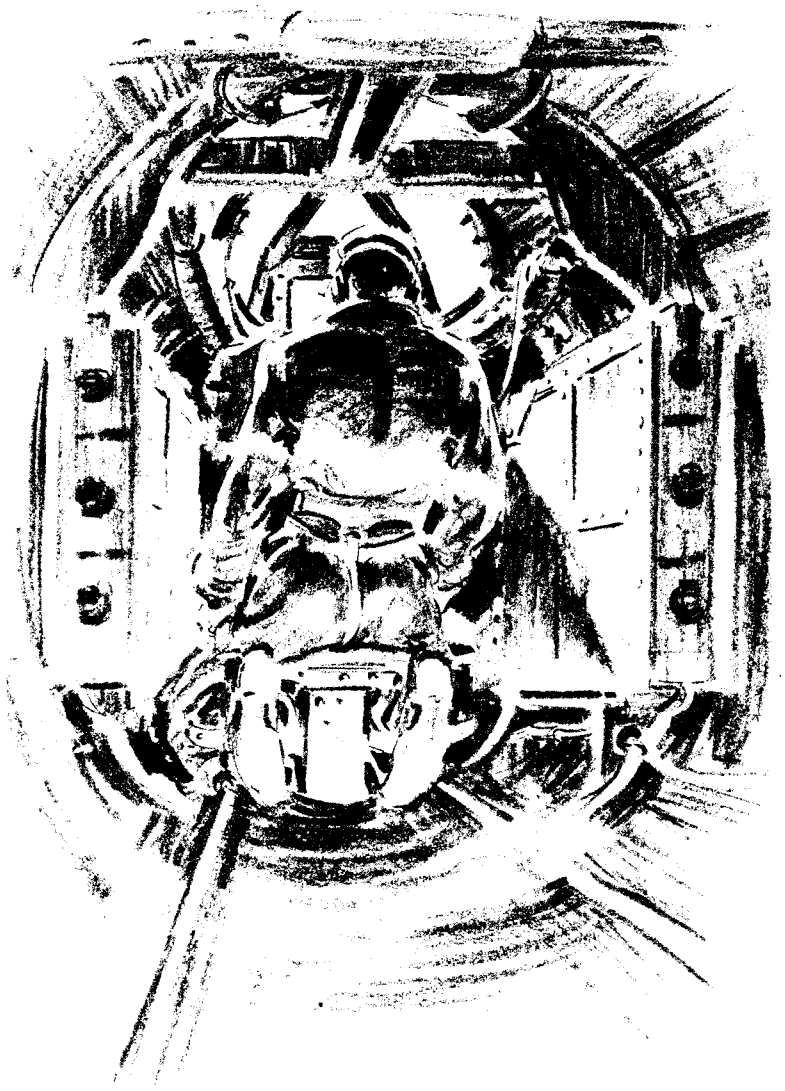
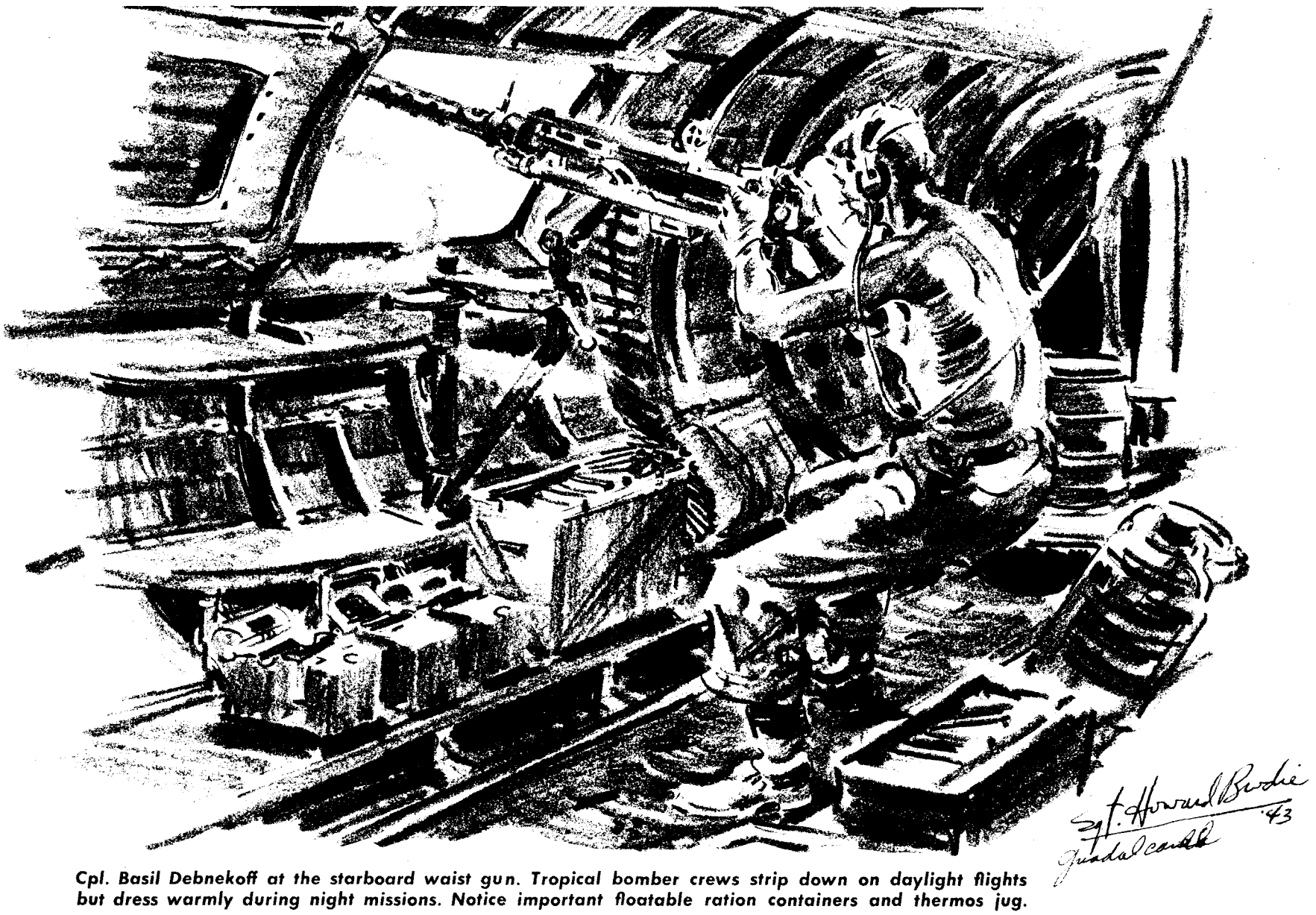
Sgt. Howard Brodie, YANK staff artist, made these action sketches after flying in a mission over the Jap base at Bougainville in the South Pacific with Capt. Bertan H. Burns and his crew in the Flying Fortress *Sad Sack*. Views like these, showing a bomber crew in combat positions within their ship, are almost impossible to photograph effectively because of close angles. "The boys on the *Sad Sack* are a colorful bunch," Sgt. Brodie writes. "They call themselves the 'Uneager Beavers,' but they get plenty eager when they fly north from Guadalcanal into the territory held by the enemy."



Sgt. J. W. Weaver has to crawl into his tail gunner's spot and then hasn't room to move off his knees during the fight.



Cpl. Basil Debnekoff at the starboard waist gun. Tropical bomber crews strip down on daylight flights but dress warmly during night missions. Notice important floatable ration containers and thermos jug.

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Yes, Butch O'Hare is very much alive. At a Pacific base, he's turning out "Butch's Busy Babies."

What's Butch O'Hare Doing These Days?

Navy hero who shot down five Jap planes in one day now teaches combat tricks in the Pacific.

Between training flights they play bottle-cap checkers.

All veterans of aerial combat (l. to r.): Lt. Paul C. Rooney, Lt. Al Fairbanks and Lt. Robert Merritt.

By Sgt. MERLE MILLER
YANK Staff Correspondent

SOMEWHERE IN THE PACIFIC—Some people, especially the Japs and particularly Radio Tokyo, said it was luck when Lt. Edward H. O'Hare took off from his carrier in a Grumman Wildcat and shot down five twin-engine Jap bombers on Feb. 20, 1942.

President Roosevelt did not agree. In presenting Butch O'Hare with the Congressional Medal of Honor, the President called his achievement "one of the most daring, if not the most daring, single action in the history of combat aviation."

"Conspicuous gallantry and intrepidity in aerial combat," the citation read.

The Japs jeered. Butch O'Hare was a one-battle fighter, they said. He was afraid to return to the Pacific. Tokyo Rose, Japan's Lady Haw-Haw, declared he was probably dead.

Lt. Comdr. O'Hare is, of course, very much alive. He is in the Pacific, and he is much too busy to worry about Japanese radio propaganda. At this advanced Pacific base he is training a squadron of Navy fighter and pursuit pilots. He calls them "the lads"; they call themselves "Butch's Busy Babies."

The "babies," many of them veterans of a year or more of Pacific combat with Zeros and bombers to their own credit, expect to repeat

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their skipper's "luck" with aerial-combat techniques so new they won't even discuss them.

"And they're ready," O'Hare will tell you. "Damned if they're not."

For example, take Lt. (jg) Foster Blair of Stroudsburg, Pa. Lt. Blair left Muhlenberg College in 1940 to join the Navy and at 22 is a veteran of 2½ years of combat training and flying. He was on the carrier *Wasp* a few days after Dec. 7, 1941.

He flew his Wildcat over Guadalcanal on Aug. 7, 1942, when the Marines were landing. His group fought off 20 two-engine bombers and got 20 Zeros. Blair shot down one bomber.

On Aug. 8 his plane went down, and Blair was in the drink "for a while—not more than half an hour or so, I guess." A destroyer picked him up; he was transferred back to the carrier and was flying another plane within an hour.

A few weeks later he was land-based at Henderson Field for a month, helping to beat back two Jap bomber and fighter attacks. On Oct. 13, 1942, it looked pretty black at Henderson Field and, for that matter, all over Guadalcanal. The number of American fighter planes was so small the Nips would blush with shame if they knew. But Blair's squadron held fast, and the lieutenant got his second Jap plane, a Zero.

After a short liberty in the States, Blair came to this base for advanced training with O'Hare. He's no beginner.

NEITHER is Lt. (jg) Al Fairbanks of Stockton, Calif., who has flown from three carriers, including the *Hornet* and the *Wasp*. He saw Jimmy Doolittle's boys take off for Tokyo and took part in the Battle of the Coral Sea and in later raids over Bougainville and other Jap strongholds that are less strong now.

Lt. (jg) Robert Merritt of Arcadia, Calif., has been in the midst of a good deal of trouble, too, and done his share of damage to the enemy. He was the last man to take off from the *Hornet* before it sank, and was in the naval battle of Guadalcanal on Nov. 15, 1942, the one that finally settled the fate of the island. Now he's waiting, flying 4 to 5 hours daily with O'Hare, preparing for what he calls super-duper action.

"The Japs will be surprised," he says when you ask him about the lessons he's learning.

Lt. Paul C. Rooney of Haddam, Kans., is learning, too. Rooney, a red-faced Irishman with a streak of gray in his hair, always wanted to fly, but he had to wait a long time to do it. He had 4 years at Annapolis and 2 years at sea.

Finally in 1941 he was sent to Pensacola, Fla., for preliminary training, then to Miami and later to San Diego for more advanced pursuit flying. Eventually he came to the Pacific.

Others in the squadron are less experienced in combat flying. One is only 19, several are just past their 20th birthdays, more than a third are only 21. They are called the "embryos" by the "old men" among the lads—those who are in their mid-20s. O'Hare himself is 29.

Most days are pretty routine: 4 or 5 hours of flying, games of checkers with coke-bottle caps, red dog, an occasional round of poker.

While on the ground, the men sit in the ready room, writing letters, talking, wondering why they don't get started, asking Butch almost daily, "What the hell are they keeping us here for? We'd knock the bastards off in a flash."

Ensign Herschel Pahl of Cambridge, Nebr., was a farmer until he joined the Navy. Now, he says, "I know a hell of a lot more about the inside of a plane than the inside of a cow." Some were newspapermen; one was an artist. All of them wish, on occasion, they were home. Like everyone else in uniform, they complain about chow and about the shortage of liquor and women. They make bets on how soon the war will end. They emphasize that they want to "get into it" and most of them add "again."

Then Butch comes in and reads off the flight orders, and they rush to their lockers and get on their coveralls, parachutes, helmets and goggles. When they're ready for the take-off, O'Hare gives them a few final pointers on new tactics.

They jump in their planes and a minute later are in the air, O'Hare leading the formation.

As they roar overhead, you ask one of the relief pilots, "Where's the commander's medal?"

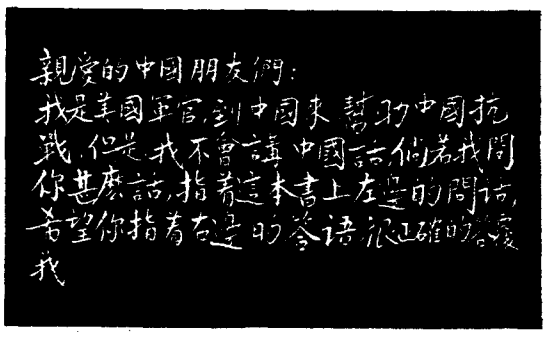
"I don't know," he replies. "There's a hell of a lot of medals in this squadron. We've put 'em away for the duration. You can't wear medals on work clothes."

The OK barber shop of New Guinea does a rushing business, so it provides reading matter for those who wait. The sign says "I close during air raids."

You Don't Need a Big Vocabulary in China—Just an Index Finger

SOMEWHERE IN CHINA—The higher brass in China has decided that as far as language is concerned, East is East and West is West and there's damned little you can do about it. The GIs can't learn Chinese and the salt of the earth here can't learn English.

The higher brass has at long last done about the only thing it can do, by giving the GIs a little booklet called "Pointie Talkie," with the essentials of practical conversation written out in Chinese. In case of emergency, you find what you want to say in the book, point it out to someone who can read and wait for him to point out one of several possible answers on the opposite page.


親愛的中国朋友們:
我是美国軍官,到中国来幫助中国抗
戰,但是我不會講中国話,倘若我問
你甚麼話,指着這本書上左邊的問話,
希望你指着右邊的答語很正確的答復
我

Here's the Pointie Talkie's first page.

The book comes in handy, since American soldiers have been able to teach most of their Chinese acquaintances only two English expressions. The first is "hello"; the second can't be printed here, but you hear it a lot in the Army and the average Chinese has no conception of what it means when he says it.

The chief barrier that keeps the Chinese from learning English is the English pronunciation, as impossible to them as their subtle use of tones is to us. The name of Roosevelt comes off the Chinese tongue as Lo'-so-fu; Willkie is We-er'-jee; Churchill, Cho'-tchi; Stalin, Su-tai'-leen; Stilwell, Suh-tee'-wel; Chennault, Chuh'-nuh-duh; Hitler, Shee'-duh-lah; Hirohito, Jah-ho'. The only well-known foreign name that presents no difficulties is Mussolini, who comes out the same in Chinese.

There is little or no attempt by the masses to pronounce the names of foreign countries, so the countries get and keep Chinese names. China itself is *Chung Kuo*, or "central country." The United States is *Mei Kuo*, or "beautiful country." Britain is *Ying Kuo*, or "heroic country." Just from habit, they call Germany *Duh Kuo*, or "virtuous country." Italy, not worth the trouble, remains the same—Ee'-tah-lee.

The new handbook is expected to be the greatest boon to American soldiers since the invention of the blitz cloth. It begins with a Chinese prologue which means: "Dear Chinese friends: I am an American officer [to the Chinese peasant, all American soldiers are officers]. I came to China to help the war of resistance, but I cannot speak Chinese. If I ask you something, I shall point to the sentence printed on the left side of the page, and I hope you will give me the answer printed on the right side of the page and I hope you will answer me correctly."

Among the essential messages for transmission to the Chinese are:

"I shall go to speak with him if someone will escort me."

"Please ask them to put someone on the phone who can speak English."

"I am an American [soldier] and am lost."

"Where is the latrine?"

"Please put it in a kettle and boil it until I ask for it."

"Please get me a flat board as long as my arm."

"How much time before the enemy arrives?"

"You are very polite, but I want to pay for this. It is our custom to do so."

"I must go now. But before leaving I wish to thank you for all of your courtesy."

"Please ask these people staring at me to go away, I want privacy."

The last is usually the handiest, except that it doesn't do any good.

—Sgt. MARION HARGROVE
YANK Staff Correspondent

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Aussie Infantryman Kills Time Doubling as Gunner on a Fortress

SOMEWHERE IN NEW GUINEA—Being a private in the Australian Imperial Forces is a full-time job for anybody except Mick Gibson, who uses his "leisure" to fly as a gunner on American Flying Fortresses.

Mick's made 10 combat missions in three weeks, and calls it the greatest thrill in the world. The B-17 crews are damn glad to take him along, because he can really handle a machine gun.

On a recent mission over the Jap base at Rabaul, New Britain, Gibson helped to keep a night fighter at bay when the waist gunner of the bomber was wounded. They made the run all right, but the plane was badly damaged by ack-ack fire. The pilot ordered the crew to bail out. Gibson missed his chance to join the Caterpillar Club, however, because the pilot succeeded in getting the ship under control just as the Aussie and the rest of the crew made ready to jump.

The 26-year-old digger has two ambitions: to get into the Royal Australian Air Force and to shoot down a Zero all by himself.

—Cpl. RALPH BOYCE
YANK Field Correspondent

Blurb Writer for Travel Agency Asked for It and Was Stuck With It

TRINIDAD—"The Riviera of the Caribbean—Trinidad, Isle of Enchantment. Moonlit tropical nights . . . luscious native girls . . . adventure, beauty, love. Trindad, where idyllic romance and lazy comfort walk hand in hand under an azure Caribbean sky."

From his swivel chair in the publicity office of a New York travel agency, Stanley C. Lucey used to write blurbs about this West Indian island. The fact that all his knowledge of the tropics came from a Betty Grable movie did not bother Lucey. As a press agent he had no more respect for truth than a soldier on the make.

This is a tale of ironic justice. Fate stepped in and deposited Stanley Lucey, as an MP corporal, on the shores of Trinidad with the first U. S. contingent.

Contrast Lucey's public admission of guilt, written after many months ashore, with his previous dry-run job:

"What I actually find here is steady rain and mud, or dust, heat rash, ringworm, malaria, scorpions, centipedes, bushmasters and vampire bats."

Nor was retribution done with Cpl. Lucey. What happened to him next shouldn't happen to a dogface. Fate carried him to OCS and now he's a second lieutenant.

—Sgt. BURTT EVANS
YANK Staff Correspondent

In Next Week's YANK . . .

THE PHANTOM PLATOON

Don't miss O/C Ray Duncan's story of the weird drill platoon that remained at attention for four whole days while every general in Washington tried and failed to make it stand at ease.

Marine Wears Overseas Ribbon Same Day He Enlists—And Gets By

LONDONDERRY, NORTHERN IRELAND—Pvt. John Joseph Hargadon of the Marines, a 17-year-old lad with an Irish brogue and an infectious grin, was entitled to wear the European Theater ribbon on the day of his enlistment.

And he never went through boot camp at Parris Island, S. C., or San Diego, Calif., where practically all marines get their basic training.

He gained these two distinctions by enlisting over here in Northern Ireland, after obtaining the consent of his mother, who lives in Ithan, Pa. Hargadon is an American citizen, born in Philadelphia, but since the age of 7 has lived with his grandmother in Creeslough, Eire.

A special boot camp has been established for Hargadon, with noncoms giving him private drill instruction so he can catch up to the other marines. Like all recruits, he'll have no liberty for several weeks. That isn't bothering him much. His only regret is that he can no longer visit his grandmother in Eire. It's a neutral country.

—Sgt. ROBERT DAVIS
Marine Corps Correspondent

Wake Island Defenders Get Help From a Totally Unexpected Quarter

SOMEWHERE IN LIBYA—"Playing tonight, 'Wake Island,' with Brian Donlevy and Robert Preston. Bring your own tin hat."

That sign might look funny on the marquee of the old neighborhood movie house, but it wouldn't have been out of place recently at the rec hall of this U. S. bomber base.

Officers and men who packed the hall to see the thrilling movie epic of the Marines at Wake Island were on the edge of their petrol cans when the sound effects suddenly seemed to go haywire at the most exciting moment.

As a formation of Jap planes swooped down on the tiny Pacific garrison whose ammunition supply had been exhaused, heavy antiaircraft fire was heard. It took a second volley and then a third before the GI patrons realized that the ack-ack wasn't Cecil B. De Mille stuff.

Dashing outside, Pfc. George Henry of Philadelphia, Pa., looked up at the sky and saw a barrage from British batteries making little puffs in the sky. "It's an air raid all right," Henry told a buddy, "but hell, the war inside's got it beat a mile."

—Sgt. JIM SWARTS JR.
YANK Field Correspondent

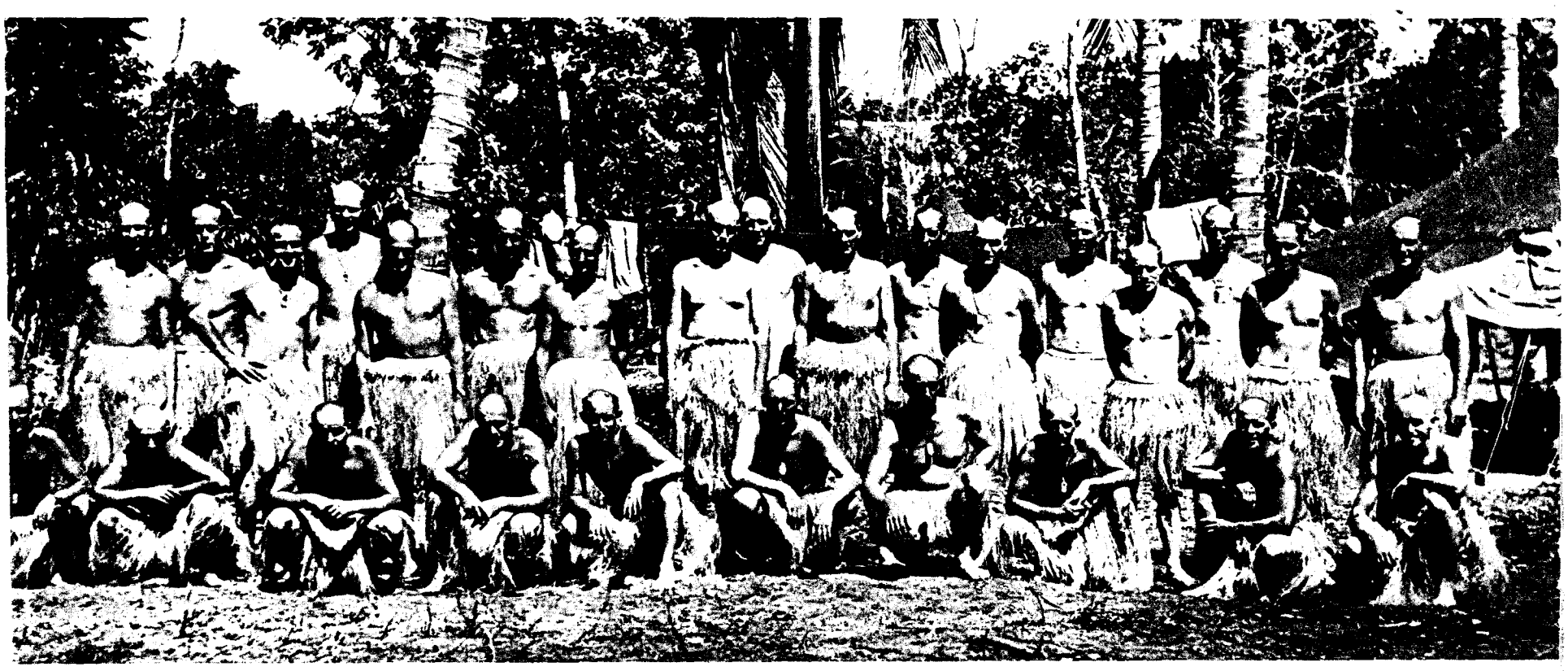
Bridge Game

PANAMA—Not far from a river bridge in Panama's interior, Mobile Force infantrymen were tying hand-made rafts together for troops to use in crossing a stream under combat conditions.

Two natives came down the river, paddling their cayucos. They lifted their oars to inspect the proceedings, looked the whole thing over quizzically, dipped their oars in the water and paddled on, shaking their heads.

As they passed under the highway bridge further downstream, one mumbled: "Gringo crazy. He got a good bridge here. Why he no use?"

—Sgt. ROBERT RYAN
YANK Staff Correspondent



THEIR claims for distinction as the only bald-headed platoon in the United States Army were not enough for them, so these American soldiers on Guadalcanal donned grass skirts to establish their uniqueness more firmly. Only one of the men in the platoon is naturally bald-headed. Intent on uniformity, his buddies decided it would be easier to cut off their own hair than to try to grow some on him, and so they paid a mass visit to the company barber.

First row (left to right): Sgt. Alford Bigler, Massillon, Ohio; Pvt. Joseph Zambryzcki, Baltimore, Md.; Pvt. Sam Rhoads, Fleetwood, Pa.; Pfc. Robert W. Buehrer, Toledo, Ohio; Pfc. John Y. Hartgrove, Fremont, Ohio; Pvt. Roy O. Glover, Arkadelphia, Ark.; Pvt. James Bell, Henagar, Ala.; S/Sgt. Roland B. Fisher, Fremont; Pfc. Elmer Quella, Painesville, Ohio, and Pfc. Lloyd W. Grimmett, Little Rock, Ark.

Second row: Cpl. Vincent J. Smith, Fremont; Sgt. Edward Foos, Fremont; Sgt. Donald L. Bode, Toledo; Pfc. Nicholas J. Barbieri, Philadelphia; Pvt. Arthur H. Flook, Fair Play, Md.; Cpl. Gerard E. Ahner, Fremont; Pvt. Eldridge Gordon, Piggott, Ark.; Pvt. George W. Duffman, Bluffton, Ohio; Pvt. John Lancaster, Spartanburg, S. C., and Pfc. Gregory L. Ross, New Castle, Pa.

Third row: Pvt. Emil Makee, Painesville; Pfc. Herbert Kruse, Woodville, Ohio; Pvt. John A. Byars, Spartanburg; Pfc. Richard Mahoney, Toledo; Pfc. William A. Berrill, Fremont; Pfc. Joe O. Jones, Des Arc, Ark., and Pvt. Clarence O. Godfrey, Hermitage, Ark.

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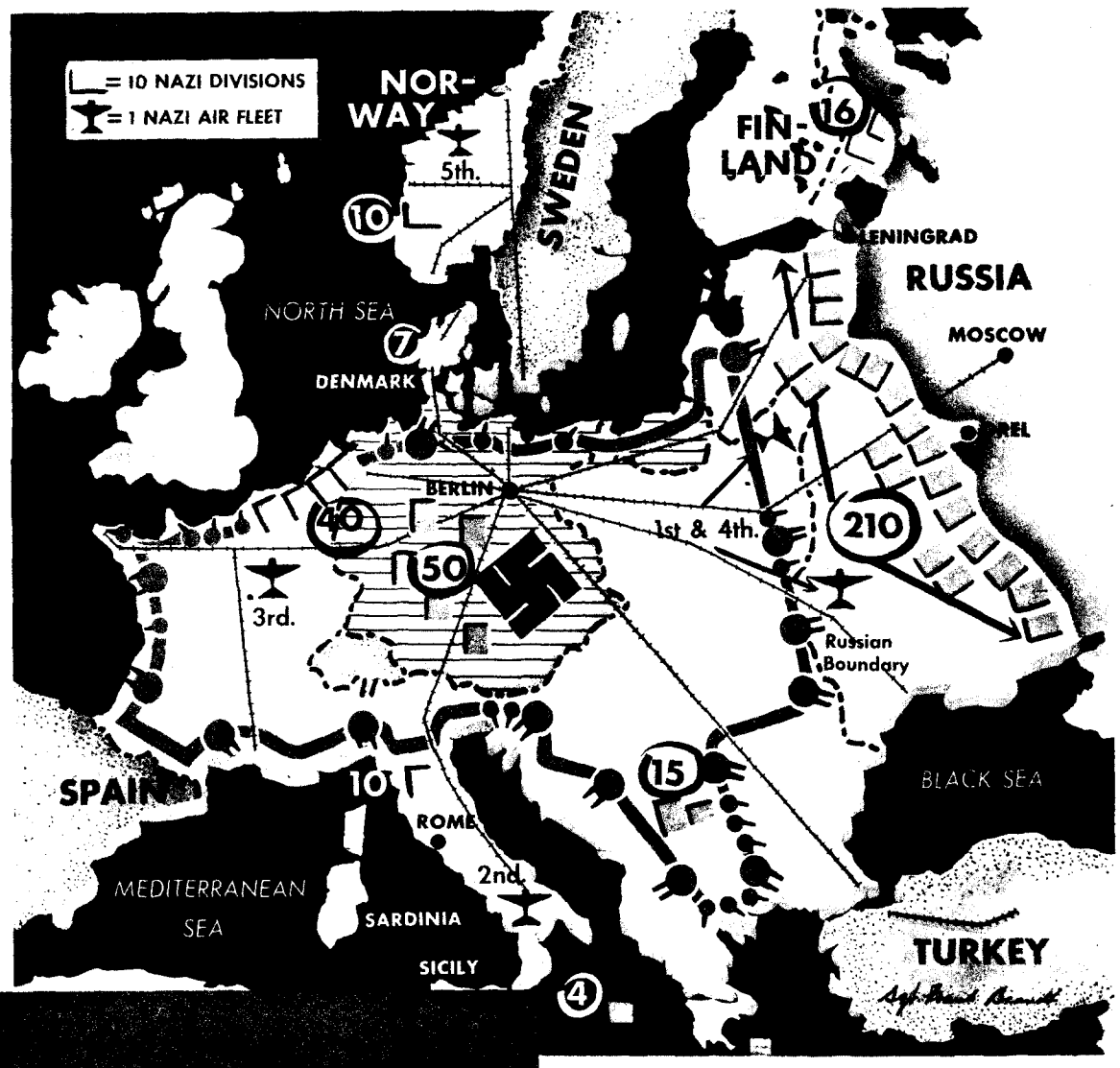

Tough German Army Waits for Us in Europe

THE downfall of Mussolini and the internal collapse of Italy were smashing victories for the United Nations, cracking the foundations of Hitler's Europe. But a mere Italian plea for peace won't bring the war to an easy end. Mussolini's soldiers represented only one-tenth of the Axis' armed strength in Europe.

The German Army is still waiting to give the Allies the bloodiest battle in world history. If you have any doubts about the power of Hitler's war machine, take a look at the following cold facts:

Despite the headline impressions, black-booted Nazis are still fighting Russians on a 2,000-mile front that is 500 to 750 miles *inside* Russia. Despite the heroic counterattack of the Red Army in recent weeks, Hitler's divisions have not retreated from the main-line position they established after the successful Russian winter campaign. Germans are still occupying the Ukraine area that is so vital to Soviet economy. The present Russian battle line—the war's biggest and most important front—is more than 1,000 miles from Berlin.

There has been too much talk of Sicily as the kind of second front that can be disastrous to Germany. The Russians estimate that a second front capable of seriously hampering Germany's strategy would have to divert 50 Nazi divisions from Russia. Only then could the Red Army launch a drive to Berlin. Actually not a single German division was taken from Russia to meet the Allied invasion of Sicily.

Although the collapse of Mussolini constituted a major defeat for the Axis, it is primarily a psychological defeat. Italy had become almost a liability to Hitler. Now that he is on the defensive, he may be well rid of that ally. Hitler sent 12,000,000 tons of coal annually into Italy and was forced to detour 350,000 tons of wheat and vast tonnages of oil. Food, clothes, coal and oil for the Italians will now be the problem of the Allies.

There has been much wishful thought about Germany's economic situation. Wild claims once went forth that need of coal and iron forced Germany to invade Norway. The facts are that Germany did not need coal or iron and invaded Norway for military reasons only. Through the war years many experts have insisted that Germany is running short of oil, that she must get to the Caucasus to reinforce her oil stocks. Germany has been running her war machine for almost 4 years without Caucasian oil and does not need it now (though she has a place for it in her post-war scheme for a new Europe). The primary motive of the German drive southward in Russia is to beat the Red Army and to prevent Russia's war machine from getting the Caucasian oil, which is the Soviet's prime source of supply.

The German Army is still one of the world's best fighting machines, and it still has high morale. German prisoners, husky, well-equipped and well-fed, are contemptuous of their captors and, in the words of a British veteran of the first World War, are "a hell of a lot meaner" than the Jerry of 1918. Men in the ranks, contrary to popular impression, are encouraged to think and act independently; they are taught resourcefulness in order to master situations that arise constantly on the fluid blitzkrieg front. Most of the officers came up the hard way and know their business.

The Allies' feat of landing huge invasion forces on the doorstep of Europe was tremendously successful, but it is dangerous to look confidently on the quick progress in Sicily as a happy token of things to come in Europe. Despite our speed against the broken and terrified Italians, the march into Sicily does not equal the speed of real German blitzkrieg. For the first 13 days the Americans—largely against an Italian army, it is to be remembered—averaged less than 10 miles a day; in the greatest advance, the Yanks marched about 35 miles across Sicily in one day. The Germans have records that surpass these. In Poland the Nazis averaged 20 miles a day at the outset. In the Netherlands they moved 45 miles daily. In the extremely mountainous Balkans, against British armored forces and crack Evzones trained for mountain warfare, the Germans drove one spearhead 14 miles a day over a 21-day period. And for more than two weeks the Germans at Catania kept the invasion speed down to exactly zero miles a day, despite our overwhelming superiority in men, guns, tanks and planes.

Reports from the front tell of "strains" on German manpower, suggesting that Hitler is running short of men. Let us look at the facts.

Germany has 300 to 325 divisions, perhaps more. At the moment of writing, they are probably roughly disposed as follows: Russia, 200-210; Norway, 10-11; Lowlands, 35-40; Balkans, 12-15; Germany, 50-55; Italy, 7-10; Denmark, 7; Mediterranean islands, 4. Mussolini's fall has upset the Axis strategy. However, if Hitler succeeds in holding all or part of the Italian territory and the Balkan countries (and he can probably spare 10 to 15 extra divisions to bludgeon the Balkans into sticking it out), he can have the support of as many as 60 satellite divisions. Italy's 75 divisions are almost certainly out of the war, but even if all of the Balkans *and* Italy sued for peace Germany probably would still have some 350 divisions to defend her ring of steel. Every division Germany has can be used in the defense of Germany; her lines of communication and supply are compact and close. Invasion presents far greater problems and risks to the Allies than defense does to Germany.

The number of German divisions shows no serious signs of decreasing, despite the admittedly heavy casualties on many fronts. Their 29th Motorized Infantry Division, for instance, completely destroyed at Stalingrad, rose again phoenix-like to fight the Yanks on Sicily. This is not as ghastly as it sounds; the Germans have a manpower pool that is very vast, and brand new divisions take up the name of destroyed units. While some of the German units are perhaps "watered down," containing less regiments than called for by tables of organization, the bulk of Hitler's divisions are probably at full strength.

It is tough to get a deferment in Germany. Men whose services are not vitally needed on the home front are fighting. In the first World War, Germany mobilized 13,000,000 men exclusive of her allies. Today, with a population 10,000,000 greater she has mobilized a land force of perhaps 8,500,000 men exclusive of her allies. It is obvious that Germany today, with that larger population, can mobilize many more men than she already has in this war and can well replace broken divisions. German casualties so far in this war, in dead, prisons, missing and permanently disabled, total probably 3,000,000; during the first World War, a period only a little longer than today's war, the Germans lost almost 7,000,000 men in the same categories.

Marching against Hitler, the Allies will have to breach the massive ring of steel constructed around the Fortress of Europe. A line of concrete fortifications extends from the North Cape to the Spanish-French frontier; along much of the western sector the Germans boast that every "farm has become a blockhouse," something the Dieppe raid proved. It is said that twice the amount of concrete was put into the Atlantic Wall as was sunk into the mighty Siegfried Line. In Norway, guns from the Maginot Line have been built into the fortifications. Even behind their Russian front, it has been reported, the Germans have erected strong defense fortifications.

Allied bombers are flying in ever-increasing numbers, across ever-increasing distances, to smash the Axis from the air. Germany *may* crack up; but there are too many signs indicating that she will not.

In many respects, we have only just begun to fight.

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T-5 Christine Mulkey of Columbia, S. C., checks on some meat destined for hungry GIs which is hanging in refrigerator of the Fort Meade (Md.) Service Club.

Aux. Sue Martin of Picayune, Miss., in the same company as T-5 Mulkey, shines shoes in the barracks. WAAC or WAC she'll have to keep 'em bright.

WAACS DROP AN "A"

The girls will have to choose between joining the Army or going back to the old civilian life. Now what would you do in a situation like that?

By Cpl. BARRETT McGURN
YANK Staff Writer

"THEY are taking a movie, so stay at attention," the lieutenant said in a gentle voice. "And don't look at the camera," chimed in the first sergeant from the head of the column, sweetening the order with a pleasant smile.

The scene was not part of the tortured dreams of a brow-beaten rookie. It happened on the streets of Mitchel Field, N. Y., where the WAAC detachment was about to put on a parade for its eagle-wearing national commander, Mrs. Oveta Culp Hobby, who is now a full colonel in the Army of the United States

"I have never seen a better marching group," Col. Hobby remarked later. "But with the Waacs, marching is very secondary. It is the jobs they do, and how they do them, that count."

Evidently the Waacs have handled their jobs well the past year of their existence because Congress and President Roosevelt have promoted the corps from its rather uncertain "auxiliary" status to the honor and dignity of a full-fledged component of the Army.

On Sept. 1, their second "A" will be dropped and the Women's Army Auxiliary Corps will become the Women's Army Corps. On that date, members of the WAAC who re-enlist in the WAC will be inducted into the Army at mass swearing-in ceremonies at every point where Waacs are stationed.

A tour YANK has just made of some of the 225 Army posts in which the 65,000 Waacs are serving in the United States and abroad indicates that the members of the long-suffering WAAC have merited their reward. Besides releasing potential fighters from 155 different kinds of technical and paper jobs, ranging from repairing trucks to weather observing, the Waacs have been putting up with the whole range of GI woes and some special feminine ones to boot. Such as the rule which requires them to blot off the lipstick before chow so that they won't smear red on the GI coffee mugs. KPs are allowed to raise hell with anyone who forgets.

In the new WAC the women soldiers will have the right to send their mail free. They will be allowed also to take out GI National Service Life Insurance up to $10,000, the same as male soldiers, thus saving the much higher expense of civilian coverage.

In the WAAC, the women wore the same stripes, bars and eagles as men in similar positions, and they drew the same pay as the male GIs, but because the corps was a semi-civilian auxiliary, the noncoms and officers had to masquerade behind a variety of nonmilitary titles, ranging from auxiliary for private, through leader for sergeant and third officer for second lieutenant, to director for colonel. In the WAC, as members of the Army, they will have regular Army titles.

WAC officers will have the right to command male soldiers as well as Wacs, but only in cases where the men are specifically assigned to their command. WAC officers will also be able to step into any noncombatant operational job, such as that of personnel officer. Until now they have been confined to administrative posts such as company commanders and mess and supply officers in WAAC detachments. WAC officers will

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continue to rate male salutes, just as Wacs give salutes to male officers.

Wacs will be entitled to wear the Good Conduct ribbon and various overseas ribbons as well as a special ribbon now being designed for Wacs who served in the WAAC. Wacs will also be allowed to wear officially the insignia of the units to which they are assigned.

The WAC uniform will undergo a slight change to make it still more like that of the male soldier. The shoulder straps, which faced front and back to distinguish them from the men's, will now run parallel with the shoulder seam like those of all other members of the Army.

Wacs overseas will continue to draw overseas pay, a right they were given last April after several WAAC detachments had served overseas for several months at home-service rates. Wacs will continue to get furlough rates on the railroads. And they will get veterans' preference in civil-service jobs, also post-war hospitalization.

There are some features of the new WAC which the girls may not like. As members of the Army they will have to sit through a reading of the Articles of War every six months and will be governed by those military laws. And the rules against wearing civilian clothes after duty hours will be tightened considerably.

Formerly at some WAAC stations the women were allowed to get back into their gay and girlish civvies when leaving the post on off-duty hours. As Wacs, they may have to stay in uniform all the time except while engaging in sports, while entertaining at home with not more than two other persons present, and while taking part in special functions for which the senior WAC officer has authorized appropriate civilian clothes.

This is sad news to some of the girls. "It's so nice to be feminine again—a ribbon or rose in the hair, silk stockings and a pretty dress," said Leader Geneva Thomas of Martins Ferry, Ohio, supply sergeant for the Waacs at Mitchel Field, as she talked about the change-over. "You kind of get in a rut in those uniforms."

"But I tell you one thing," Leader Thomas added. "You are treated much better in uniform. In civilian clothes you're just another 4-F, as we call civilian girls."

Since all members of the WAAC were sworn in with the understanding that they would not be under military control, the setting up of the WAC means that every Waac now has an opportunity either to apply for acceptance into the new WAC or to drop out and return to civilian life with an honorable discharge.

Waacs pride themselves on being as gifted gripers as the best of male GI squawkers, and many a Waac has announced in barracks bull sessions that she was sorry she joined up. But spot checks indicated that well under 10 percent will make good their barracks threats to quit when given the chance.

His Draft Board Deferred Him—To Iceland

ICELAND—Pvt. Charles Emerson of East Corinth, Vt., has heard all the gags about draft boards, and he wants it known that he is not amused.

Emerson was peacefully tilling the soil of his farm in May 1942 when he received one of those handsome "Greetings." So he trudged to Rutland, Vt., described his work to the appeal board and was granted an occupational deferment.

The 34-year-old farmer left the room with the deferment in his pocket, but somehow he took a wrong turn on his way out. Before Emerson had a chance to kick, he'd been fingerprinted, questioned about his life history and jostled into another room where there were a lot of other guys.

It was the herd instinct, or something, but anyway Emerson followed suit when the other fellows raised their right hands, and he was in Uncle Sam's Army before he could do anything about it.

From the time he received his deferment until he was sworn in, only 10 minutes elapsed. "That's the fastest deferment I've ever heard of," Emerson groaned.

Shipped to Fort Devens, Mass., the unwilling GI tried to tell his CO the sad tale, but was laughed right out of the orderly room. And an appeal to influential quarters in Washington didn't get him very far, either.

"All I'm missing now," Emerson declared, "is a letter from my draft board telling me my deferment expired and I should report for induction."

—Sgt. GENE GRAFF
YANK Staff Correspondent

Take Junior Leader (Corporal) Mary Jane Bidwell of Elmira, N. Y., who left a secretary's job in Shell Oil in the swank RCA Building in New York City to take up company clerking with the WAAC detachment at the 1229th Reception Center at Fort Dix. She summed up her feelings by saying, "I found a home."

"If the guys can take it, so can I," said Leader (Sergeant) Zelma Chrisman of Olathe, Kans., a dental technician in the Tilton General Hospital at Dix.

"I love it, I'm really nuts over it," laughed Auxiliary Peggy Peterson, who pilots a plane-pulling tug around Mitchel Field and who, incidentally, prides herself on being one of the first Waacs to imitate the male tradition of getting busted. She was busted from buck-sergeant grade for hopping a plane ride home to Maine without a written pass. "I like being a private," she added in the best tradition of busted noncoms. "You don't have to be on the ball all the time. But I'll get those stripes back."

"I just think everybody should get together and get it over with," offered the striking redhead who is first sergeant of the Fort Dix Reception Center Waacs—First Leader Lois Ann Medlock. "I won't get out until its finished." Miss Medlock, a graduate last year of the University of Omaha, Nebr., added incidentally that because of her sleeve full of first-sergeant stripes, "I get whistled at twice as much as anyone else when I go on pass to Wrightstown."

Auxiliary First Class (Pfc.) Alyce M. Dietrich of Pittsburgh took time out from building a brick sidewalk at a Fort Dix Waac detachment to declare she wanted action.

"Give me a gun, boy; that's what I want," she said, her eyes snapping. "As a shot I could beat my brother (Pfc. Lawrence Dietrich of the 628th Tank Destroyer Battalion), and he's across the pond."

Despite Miss Dietrich's plea, the Wacs are not going to get any combat duty. Not even the WAC MP's will get guns. These MPs, incidentally, will have no jurisdiction over male soldiers, and will confine themselves to their present duties—seeing to it that stocking seams are straight, that hair-dos do not brush the collar in non-GI fashion, and that WAC dwelling places are safe.

The greatest single gripe among the Waacs, strangely enough, is that they are not yet getting enough work to do, or are doing work which they do not consider important and effective enough in fighting the war. Goldbricking is practically nonexistent among the Waacs, probably owing in part to the fact that all are volunteers. Ten Waacs relieved 35 male GIs in the Fort Dix post office and still complained that they did not have enough work to keep them busy.

Despite the menace to male comfort which this might imply, most GIs who work with them give the Waacs their approval. "They're okay and we get along fine," is the usual verdict.

A good soldier must have a sense of humor and the Waacs have shown they have one, too. They like to sing and they get some of their woes off the chest by putting them in verse and singing them away. Typical is the song the Waacs are singing at Fort Oglethorpe, Ga.:

"Once her mommy made her bed,
Cleaned her clothes
And buttered her bread,
Once her favorite dress was red.
Oh, me; oh my—
That ain't GI."

Afc. Edna Fishman of New York City, washing a truck at motor pool, is ready for life as a real GI.

Aux. Mildred Weatherly of Nashville, Tenn., does the heavier side of KP—unloading mess-hall supplies.

In the dark room at Bolling Field, D. C., S/Sgt. Daniel Cross explains equipment to Aux. Peggy Wisner.

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Roll of Honor

These Enlisted Men Recently Received the Distinguished Service Cross for Heroism in Action

ALSIP, Cpl. Raymond, AAF, Knightsville, Ind. Gunner on B-17 on a photographic mission off Guadalcanal which was attacked by three Zeros, he continued to operate his guns after receiving fatal wounds in the neck and legs until he collapsed.

AVERSON, S/Sgt. Clayton, Inf., Euclid, Ohio. In Tunisia when his vehicle was stopped and set afire by an enemy shell, resulting in injuries to himself and another man, he ordered the others out of the vehicle, returned to it to remove his comrade, and in so doing was exposed to direct fire and killed.

BARTOLINI, Pvt. Dominique, French Army. When the ambulance he was driving was strafed by German planes in Tunisia, he helped get three wounded German prisoners to safety, and was killed returning to the ambulance to aid the fourth prisoner.

BICKWERMERT, Cpl. Ervin M., Inf., Ferdinand, Ind. On Guadalcanal he led his squad up Mount Austin in thick enemy machine-gun and mortar fire, accounting for many casualties before he fell mortally wounded in the chest. His last words: "Hold that hill."

BINNS, Pvt. Jack M., Inf., Kalamazoo, Mich. In New Guinea he crawled under enemy machine-gun and sniper fire to within 75 yards of the enemy to give first aid to and rescue a wounded comrade. Later he volunteered to stand a second consecutive watch tour in an exposed position close to the enemy, where many had previously been overcome by the heat, and was killed by a sniper while standing that tour.

BOTTCHER, S/Sgt. (now Capt.) Herman J. F., Inf., San Francisco, Calif. He led a unit in an attack in New Guinea which split the Jap forces near Buna, and held against counterattacks on succeeding days. At one time he stood in the face of enemy fire to throw hand grenades at the advancing enemy.

BRAY, Pfc. William H., Inf., Talihina, Okla. In French Morocco he crawled forward under enemy fire without a command to learn the nature and source of fire which was stopping his platoon. In attempting to crawl back to give information to his platoon leader, he received four fatal wounds.

BURNS, Pfc. Samie, CA, Kentucky. Driver of the only truck equipped with a .50-caliber machine gun in his Tunisia convoy when it was attacked by seven JU-88s, he maneuvered his truck into firing position, manned the weapon, shot down two and damaged one of the attacking planes.

CHERNEY, S/Sgt. Carl J., Inf., Marshfield, Wis. Near Buna he assumed command of his company in the absence of officers and led it in a successful attack on enemy positions, advancing ahead of it through machine-gun and mortar fire, and helping wounded men to withdraw from the field under machine-gun fire. He was killed on the second day of the action.

CLARK, Cpl. William A., Inf., Nebraska. On Guadalcanal with two companions he crawled ahead of the lines at night under heavy fire to retrieve two damaged machine guns which were within 15 feet of the enemy. Though his companions were killed, he dragged the guns back himself, stripped them, assembled one good weapon in 15 minutes and put the gun in action against the enemy, aiding in repulsing their thrust.

CRANE, S/Sgt. Cecil L., Inf., Phoenix, Ariz. Leader of a platoon acting as advance point of his company on Guadalcanal, he came upon an enemy machine-gun installation and received a head wound which later proved fatal. Nevertheless, he advanced almost on top of the enemy, reorganized the platoon and directed its fire until the enemy position was knocked out.

CROOKS, S/Sgt. James E., Inf., Alabama. Volunteering to drive an M3 light tank through the Guadalcanal jungle, where initial reconnaissance had been impossible owing to enemy occupation, he destroyed at point-blank range eight fully manned machine-gun nests.

DANIELS, S/Sgt. Delmar, Inf., Adrian, Mich. Near Buna, after several costly attempts by his platoon to take a strong point, he led a group of volunteers across a clearing covered by enemy snipers and machine guns, but was killed in his attempt to take the objective.

DeCECCA, Pfc. Charles A., Inf., Wakefield, Mass. As a company aid man on Guadalcanal, he went forward close to enemy installations under heavy enemy mortar fire to answer a call for first aid, and was fatally wounded by mortar fire.

DOWSETT, Cpl. Willard R., Inf., Minneapolis, Minn. On jungle patrol on Guadalcanal he came to a clearing and proceeded to reconnoiter. Finding three machine-gun nests, he forced them to disclose their positions by firing a burst at each, drawing their fire on himself, thereby saving the patrol at the expense of his own life.

EASTWOOD, Pvt. Howard M., Inf., Wynnewood, Okla. While acting as a scout near Buna far in advance of his squad, he sighted eight to 10 of the enemy 100 yards ahead. Notifying his squad leader, he stood up in the tall grass, though snipers were near, and opened fire on the enemy with his submachine gun. In the action he was killed by snipers.

ESTRADA, Pvt. Bernadinot, Inf., Vail, Ariz. During the attack of an infantry company on prepared positions near Buna, he advanced alone over open ground to within twenty yards of a pillbox, which he attacked with grenades and rifle fire. He took the lead clearing out dug-outs and was killed clearing out the last enemy position.

FALE, Sgt. William F., Inf., Sheboygan, Wis. Volunteering for a patrol near Buna to protect linemen, he located an enemy party and went on alone, throwing a grenade in their midst. Fatally wounded by automatic-weapon fire, he offered to crawl out of the area of hostile fire rather than expose the litter bearers.

FERRULO, Cpl. Joseph, Inf., Newark, N. J. When his company's advance on Guadalcanal was held up by snipers, he volunteered to go after the snipers and killed four single-handed by grenades and charging with fixed bayonet.

GAJEC, Pvt. Casmir, Armd., Illinois. In Tunisia he re-entered his disabled and blazing tank and assisted in removing the tank commander. Obtaining first-aid equipment from other vehicles under enemy fire, he tended the wounded man until darkness enabled him to arrange his evacuation.

GRAY, T-5 Charles H., Engr., Massachusetts. Volunteering to help repair a bridge near Buna, he picked up the end of a bridging plank and started across the bridge in full view of the enemy and under fire from three enemy bunkers commanding the bridge.

GREESE, Pvt. Nathan, Inf., Chicago, Ill. When his platoon on Guadalcanal was pinned to the ground by an enemy machine-gun nest, he voluntarily left the platoon and crawled toward the installation. In spite of fierce fire from enemy snipers, five of whom he killed en route, he advanced close enough to throw hand grenades into his objective and destroy the installation.

GRZESIK, Pfc. Stanley, Inf., Niagara Falls, N. Y. In Algeria he crossed a field of machine - gun fire and rescued a wounded comrade. Pulling the comrade down the side of an embankment, he administered first aid and, when mortar and artillery shells fell 10 yards away, protected him by covering him with his own body.

HANGARTNER, Pvt. Elmer R., Inf., Wisconsin. Volunteering to help repair a bridge near Buna, he picked up the end of a bridging plank and started across the bridge in full view of the enemy and under fire from three enemy bunkers commanding the bridge.

HARRIS, T/Sgt. Arizona T., AAF, Tempe, Ariz. He was top-turret gunner of a bomber which was badly damaged by enemy antiaircraft fire over Europe and was forced out of formation. Enemy fighters then concentrated on it, forcing it to crash-land in the sea. Throughout the descent and as the plane disappeared beneath the waves, he was seen still firing his guns at the enemy planes.

HUFFSTICKLER, Pvt. Benjamin F., AAF, East Gastonia, N. C. He was decorated for heroism as radioman and gunner of a medium bombardment airplane in a torpedo-bombing mission against the Japanese Navy near Midway. Reported missing in action.

HULSEY, Pfc. William R. Jr., Inf., Rome, Ga. In the final assault on an enemy fortified hill on Guadalcanal, he charged into the heart of enemy defense, directing his fire against a machine-gun nest and putting it out of action, but being killed during the action.

INGRAM, M/Sgt. Charles, FA, Alabama. When his battery was attacked and overrun by tanks in Tunisia, he continued to give orders and remained in position, though wounded, until all guns were silenced. Then he loaded two other wounded men on a truck and drove it to safety.

IRIZZARY, Pfc. Anibal, Inf., New York. Noting an enemy machine-gun nest holding up the advance of his company in Algeria, he worked himself up to close range, where he killed the entire crew with his automatic weapon, but was himself seriously wounded by another machine gun while firing the last burst.

JOHNSON, Pvt. Maro, QMC, Chicago, Ill. When enemy airplanes set fire to a number of small ships off New Guinea, he volunteered as a member of a rescue party, which boarded a small coastal vessel and guided personnel from the blazing ships until long after dark in spite of enemy strafing and bombing.

KACZMAREK, Sgt. Carl R., Inf., New York. Near Oran he received a painful head wound, but, after treatment at a regimental aid station, insisted on rejoining his platoon, contributing to the successful continuation of the advance.

KNODEL, Pvt. Gilbert C., Inf., Pierre, S. Dak. On a patrol to eliminate an enemy stronghold on Guadalcanal, he volunteered to proceed alone when the patrol was halted by enemy machine-gun fire. Driven back by heavy fire on two attempts, he tried a different approach, was mortally wounded in the stomach, but crawled forward to within five yards of the position, where he destroyed it with hand grenades.

LAYTON, Sgt. Billy S., Inf., Summitville, Ind. Though mortally wounded while his ship was under fire off Algeria, he directed and assisted the men in leaving the ship, refusing to leave himself until all his men had gone.

LEWIS, Pvt. William, Inf., Meadow Lands, Pa. On Guadalcanal he charged directly at an enemy machine-gun position, firing his automatic rifle as he advanced. When the recoil caused him to fall backward down the hill, he recovered his rifle and again advanced until he silenced the machine gun, accounting for seven of the enemy during the action.

MACLENNAN, T-5 Norman, Inf., Massachusetts. After driving his self-propelled assault gun through a town in Algeria, he suffered a fractured hip when his vehicle was hit by a 75-mm gun. Crawling out under enemy fire, he threw a match into the wreckage, and was dragged away by other members of his section with his clothes on fire.

MATSON, S/Sgt. Rex E., AAF, Indiana. He voluntarily participated in a bombing mission on Rabaul in a bomber with one disabled motor after only three hours' rest following a 19-hour flight. The formation was attacked by 30 Zeros for 25 minutes. His plane did not return.

McDONOUGH, T-5 Bart T., Engrs., Massachusetts. Volunteering to help repair a bridge near Buna, he picked up the end of a bridging plank and started across the bridge in full view of the enemy and under heavy fire from three enemy bunkers commanding the bridge.

MELANSON, Pvt. Arthur, Engrs., Massachusetts. Volunteering to help repair a bridge near Buna, he picked up the end of a bridging plank and started across the bridge in full view of the enemy and under heavy fire from three enemy bunkers commanding the bridge.

MITCHELL, Cpl. Harold L., Inf., Orleans, Mich. When enemy troops near Buna attacked the beach positions of his company, he charged the enemy alone with his bayonet, delaying them so that his platoon had time to take battle positions and stop them. Also he advanced beyond the front lines under heavy fire to capture a wounded enemy in order to get essential information.

MITTLEBERGER, Pfc. Earl, Engrs., Davenport, Iowa. Volunteering to help repair a bridge near Buna, he picked up the end of a bridging plank and started across the bridge in full view of the enemy and under heavy fire from three enemy bunkers commanding the bridge.

MULHALL, Cpl. Stephen J., Inf., The Bronx, N. Y. He volunteered to go on patrol on Guadalcanal with his platoon leader, and when the officer was wounded, he attempted to save him, though under heavy fire. Mortally wounded in the attempt, he refused aid for himself and ordered the remaining men of the patrol to take care of the other wounded.

NICHOLS, T-5 John L., Armd., Arkansas. While driving a tank in Algeria, he was wounded about the face and head by a direct hit of an artillery shell on the vision slot. Refusing relief, he continued to drive the tank through a trap and until the action terminated, at which time he was so weak he could not leave the tank without assistance.

NUTILE, Pfc. John A., Inf., Wakefield, Mass. A company aid man on Guadalcanal, at a point where enemy installations were close and their observation good, he disregarded enemy fire and, though exposed, continued to render first aid to his comrades until mortally wounded by enemy snipers.

OXONIAN, Cpl. Pedro, Inf., the Philippines. He stayed at his machine-gun position on Bataan with four others in the face of overwhelming grenade and small-arms fire, slowing the enemy advance and dying in position after killing more than 25 of the enemy.

PEARSON, Pfc. Floyd, Inf., Rockford, Ill. On Guadalcanal he crawled forward to aid his squad leader, who had been hit several times in the legs by machine-gun fire. As he approached his leader, a different enemy gun opened fire and killed both men.

POSHEFKO, Pvt. George C., Inf., Nesquehoning, Pa. Separated from his platoon on Guadalcanal with two others, he determined the location of a machine-gun nest holding up the advance of the platoon and, shouting: "Let's go get them," he left a position of cover in order to eliminate them with grenades. He was mortally wounded while working toward the enemy.

POWERS, Pfc. Aubrey L., Inf., Coeburn, Va. When his platoon on Guadalcanal was halted by machine-gun fire, acting as scout he located one enemy position and single-handed accounted for the entire machine-gun crew of five, then proceeded toward a second position and, receiving three wounds, directed a rifle squad to the position.

REHAK, S/Sgt. John F. Jr., Inf., Manitowoc, Wis. During an attack on well entrenched enemy positions near Buna, he advanced ahead of his platoon through heavy enemy machine-gun and sniper fire in an attempt to destroy a machine-gun emplacement. He was killed a short distance from his objective.

STEELMAN, T-5 Thad R., FA, Yadkinville, N. C. With four other enlisted men he volunteered to organize, man and operate an advance teleradio observation post in the Solomons. After a rough trip in a small boat over a sub-infested sea, they were landed at night and the boat withdrew at once because of the proximity of the enemy, leaving them to retreat in the jungle. The post was operated successfully over a month, during which time he contracted a tropical disease of which he died after evacuation.

STIPE, Sgt. Leon D., AAF, Clarinda, Iowa. Near Algeria, single-handed, from the door of a troop-carrier plane in flight, he operated a machine gun against attacking aircraft. When seriously wounded in the foot he continued to operate his weapon until he was struck in the head by enemy fire.

TRAMMEL, Sgt. Judge Y. Jr., FA, Kannapolis, N. C. With four other enlisted men he volunteered to organize, man and operate an advance teleradio observation post in the Solomons. After a rough trip in a small boat over a sub-infested sea, they were landed at night and the boat withdrew at once because of the proximity of the enemy, leaving them to retreat in the jungle. The post was operated successfully over a month, during which time he contracted a tropical disease of which he died after evacuation.

TUCKER, T-5 James R., Armd., Indianapolis, Ind. In Tunisia he saw another tank from his company disabled by enemy fire and the crew members forced to abandon it and expose themselves directly to the fire of the enemy. Just as he drew near in an attempt to rescue them, his own tank was struck by enemy antitank fire and he was killed.

WILT, Sgt. Robert R., Inf., Latrobe, Pa. Leader of a squad spearheading his company's advance on Guadalcanal, he led them through fields of heavy enemy fire, occupying the ridge and clearing the area of snipers and a machine-gun nest. He was killed in the final assault.

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The Jeep joins the French Army

Col. Ernest A. Suttles.

Young members of Les Chantiers de la Jeunesse roll assembled wheels and axles into place.

By Sgt. PETE PARIS
YANK Staff Correspondent

NORTH AFRICA—On a unique assembly line, manned by French troops and directed by American enlisted men, hundreds of combat vehicles are being mass-produced here to arm the French forces in North Africa for the battle of Europe.

In the Tunisian campaign the French fought along the *wadis* and *djebels* with ancient weapons. Fighting and freedom-loving hearts had to make up in spirit what was lacking in equipment. Some were armed only with weapons captured from the enemy on raids and patrols, and with horse-drawn guns and scout cars of 1914 vintage.

Today, in this seaport town overlooking the Mediterranean, combat vehicles of the latest models and of every type are being uncrated and assembled under the direction of Col. Ernest A. Suttles, American mass-production expert, and his staff of 11 American officers and 150 GIs.

Most of the assembly operations are performed by youthful members of *Les Chantiers de la Jeunesse*, who have been given arms. This organization of youth, established after the fall of France as a labor battalion by the Vichy government, has now been taken over by the new French Army.

It took fully 25 minutes to run the first jeep through the assembly lines, and only 21 were finished by nightfall the first day. Now they roll off at the rate of one jeep every 9½ minutes.

Not only jeeps but tanks, cargo trucks, weapons carriers, scout cars, half-tracks and 105-mm. howitzers have been uncrated and assembled here. Under the direction of Col. Suttles, the work of the line has been split into 29 separate operations. Occasionally new methods have been improvised to meet the shortage of assembly-line equipment. In other cases, local French contractors have supplied overhead cranes and tools.

Col. Suttles is a Regular Army veteran of 18 years' service who is known to his intimates as "Soapy." When a new American sergeant reported for duty recently, the colonel was busy explaining something to a group of French officers. Noticing the sergeant standing at attention, the colonel turned around, stuck out his hand and said, "Suttles is the name, sergeant. What's yours?" That's the kind of a guy Soapy Suttles is.

He has been hitting it off well with the French from the very moment he arrived. His first assignment in North Africa last November was to take charge of the maintenance of ordnance equipment for the Mediterranean Base Section at Oran. This included the assembly of combat vehicles on the first production line in North Africa.

That led him to his present job. You can generally find Col. Suttles in his "outdoor office," a slat of wood across two packing cases with a telephone in the middle. He eats outdoors from a mess kit with his workers, the *Chantiers de la Jeunesse*, declining to go inside to a clean tablecloth and porcelain dishes.

Col. Suttles is an old hand at transportation and production. In 1940 he organized the Army Motor Vehicle Inspection Service at Detroit, Mich., which later shipped 2,500 vehicles a day to our forces and those of our allies. Next the colonel organized the Motor Transport Service in England.

At the end of the day he stands formal retreat with his men. It is a picturesque sight as the workers of the *Chantiers*, in their green uniforms and jaunty berets, stand at attention alongside the red-capped Spahis, who are native cavalrymen, and the American soldier-instructors.

These Allied soldiers know where the finished combat vehicles will go when they leave the assembly line. Lt. Gen. Mark Clark told the story very simply at Casablanca when the first batch of vehicles was handed over to the French forces:

"As we marched into Tunisia together, so will we advance into metropolitan France. These arms in the hands of our brave French allies will enable us to free Marseilles, Lyons, Metz, Strasbourg and Verdun—as we freed Tunis and Bizerte—to insure that the only Germans on French soil will be prisoners from a defeated army guarded by the bayonets of a victorious France and her allies."

The *poilu* is now streamlined and eager for the fight. And Jerry better look out.

Some members of the Chantiers de la Jeunesse who work to assemble American equipment. This organization, formed as labor battalion, is now part of French Army.

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CALL FOR RETREAT

PART OF THE CEREMONY OF STANDING RETREAT: THE OLD GUARD F

IN North Africa, soldiers of the storied Foreign Legion among the world's most colorful fighters, are preparing for new battles with modern equipment. Fighting the Axis in Tunisia, the First Cavalry, only horse regiment in the entire Legion, stalked the enemy with old weapons. Now it is being mechanized. The regiment's horses are gone, replaced by American combat vehicles, arms and equipment

FIELD, ARMED FOR BATTLE

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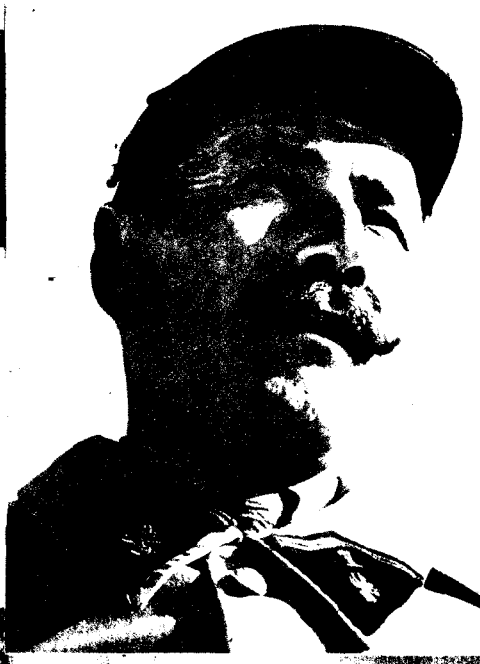
D SALUTES THE NEW GUARD AT THE REGIMENT'S GARRISON POST.



hese Legionnaires are now part of a modern reconnais-ance unit for an armored division. They were first to be rmed with equipment produced on the French-manned, merican-directed assembly lines in North Africa. This egiment was not used merely for political effect by the llies. French knowledge of terrain and the people plus rench fighting efficiency were major factors in the victory.

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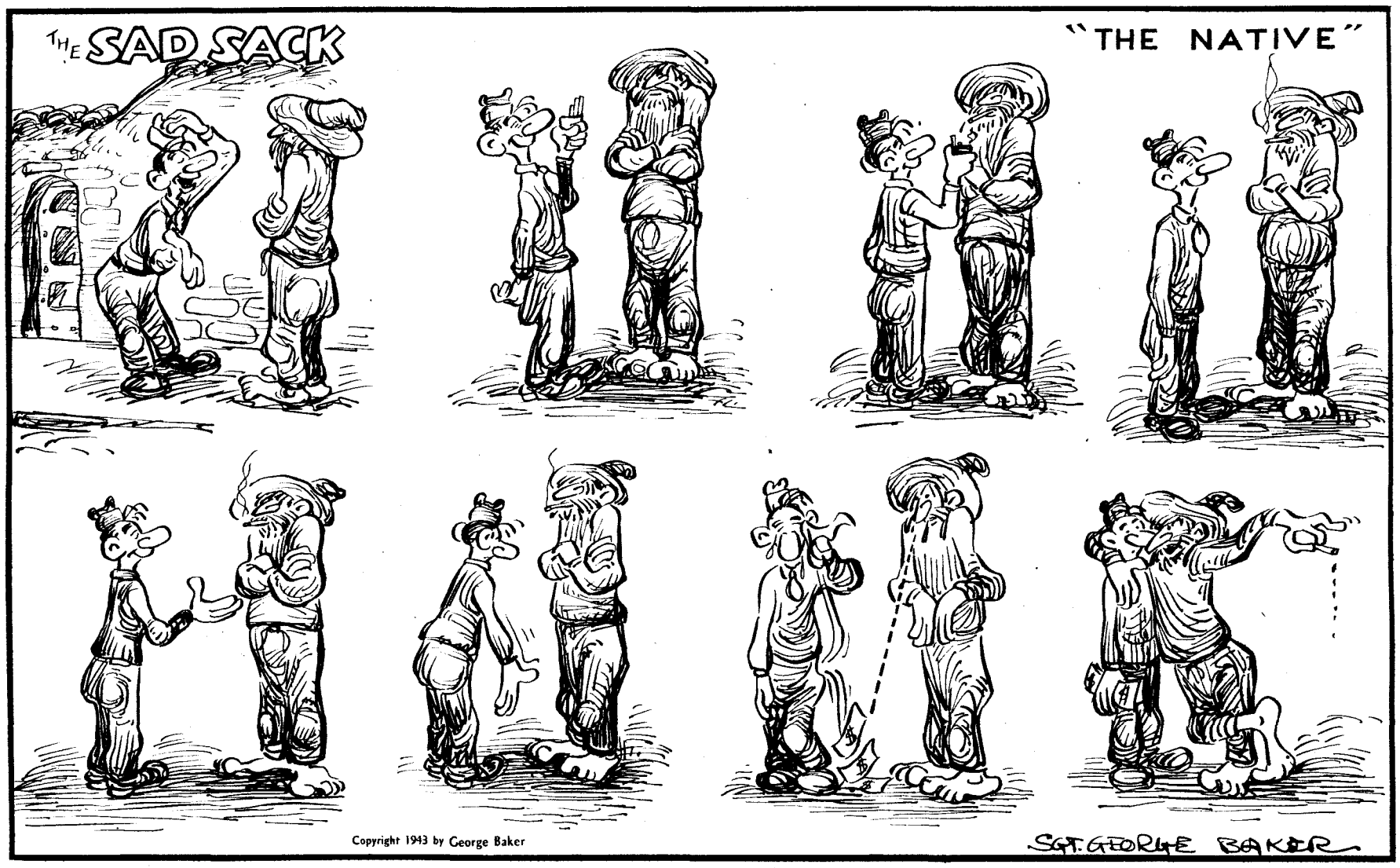

ARTIE THE PERFECT GENTLEMAN

It was the prettiest shiner we had seen in a long time. "That's a mighty pretty shiner, Artie," we said.

"Lissen," Artie said, "ain't you got nothing to do but go around criticizing people's persons? You got too gooder a pair of eyes, thass the trouble with you. I wunner if anybody's got a beefsteak."

"Will Spam do?" we wanted to know.

"Spam won't do for me stummick," Artie said. "So it won't do for me eye neither."

"How'd you get this glum glim, old boy?" we wanted to know.

Artie spat beside the bucket of potatoes he was peeling. "I was afraid you'd ast me that," he said. "I had the feeling you was going to have one of your inquisitive days terday. Well, if you muss know, a doll give it to me."

"Which doll was it?" we asked.

"Remember that Wren?" Artie said.

"The one that was going to make a gentleman out of you?"

"Yeah," Artie said. "Thass the one. She slugged me."

"Why?" we wanted to know.

"Aw," Artie said, "it's a long story and a terrible one for a man with such a sensitive nature as I. She betrayed me confidence, that doll did. Lemme give you a woid of woining, ole boy. Keep away from female sailors."

We said that we kept away from sailors of either sex.

Artie heaved a sigh and another potato over his shoulder. "She tole me she was going to make a gennulman out of me, remember?" he said. "Well she woimed herself into me affections on false pertences. She didn't really want to make a gennulman out of me at all. She wanted to merely drag me down to her own depths."

"Fascinating," we said.

"Truss a ole bassar like you to get vicarious thrills out of other people's mistfortunes," Artie said. "If you'd of been sitting in that garden with her and seen them eyes coming towards you maybe you'd be singing a different song."

"What eyes?" we wanted to know. "What garden?"

"Aw," Artie said, "she invited me to her joint up in the country. She said she wanted to put the finishing touches on me polish. So she got me out in the garden for the finishing. I couldn't yell or nothing. But I wouldn't give in. So she slugged me. She was bigger than I was, anyways."

"Still chawing the ole fat, hey, Greengroin?" a voice said.

It was the mess sergeant. Artie swallowed twice. "Hello, mess sergeant, ole boy," he said. "I was jess telling my friend here a little story."

"Yer awways telling somebody little stories," the mess sergeant said. "If you hadn't of tole the top a little story you wouldn't of been sitting where yer sitting now. Where'd you get that shiner? From a midget?"

"I ain't going to answer," Artie said. "I'm a sensitive soul. I got me pride."

"You got a carload of pertaters ter peel, too," the mess sergeant said. "You'd better snap shut and get 'em peeled."

Far back in Artie's good eye a gleam was growing. We could see that beneath his drab exterior something was brewing. "You know, ole boy," he said to the mess sergeant, "I bet you like dolls."

"What do yer mean, dolls?" the mess sergeant roared. "Little goil's dolls?"

"Aw, no," Artie said. "Big dolls. Live ones."

"I'm nuts about 'em, ya rummy," the mess sergeant said. He adjusted his tie. "What about it?"

"I know a doll you'd like," Artie said simply.

"Wass her name?" the mess sergeant said.

"She's a Wren," Artie said.

The mess sergeant began to take a little interest in the proceedings. "Is thass so?" he said. He sat down beside Artie. "Tell me all about her, Greengroin, ole boy. Don't hurry with them pertaters. They's lots of time."

"She's the quiet type," Artie said.

"Thass what I like, the quiet type," the mess sergeant said.

"She likes gennulmen," Artie said.

"Thass what I am, a gennulman," said the mess sergeant.

"Thass what I thought," Artie said. "You like Wrens, ole boy?"

"I never knowed none," the mess sergeant said. "You going to fix it up, Greengroin, ole boy?"

"Aw, I don't know," Artie said. "Somehow it ain't right for me to be sitting here peeling pertaters whilst you think about dames."

"Maybe I could get somebody else to peel the pertaters," the mess sergeant said. "That ole bassar of a top shouldn't of sent a fine sensitive soul like you down to this dirty ole mess hall."

"Thass a very pretty sentiment," Artie said. "Thank you, ole boy."

Artie felt in his pocket. "I got her address here in me jeans somewheres," he said. "Yeah, here it is." He handed it over to the mess sergeant. "Jess don't tell her you know me. I was a little too rough with her."

The mess sergeant nudged him. "Yer a regular tiger, Artie, ole boy," he said.

"Thass what I am, a regular tiger," said Artie.

The mess sergeant carefully folded the piece of paper, put it in his pocket and got to his feet. "I'll go see if I can dig me up another KP."

"Yer a wunnerful man, mess sergeant," Artie said.

"Aw, it's nothing," the mess sergeant said. "Anything for a pal." He turned to go. "By the way, where'd you get that shiner?"

"I run inter a door," Artie said.

"Thass what I thought," the mess sergeant said. "I knowed you wouldn't of got it fighting. Yer a poifect gennulman."

"Thass what I am, all right," Artie said. He threw another potato over his shoulder, and the potato knife with it.

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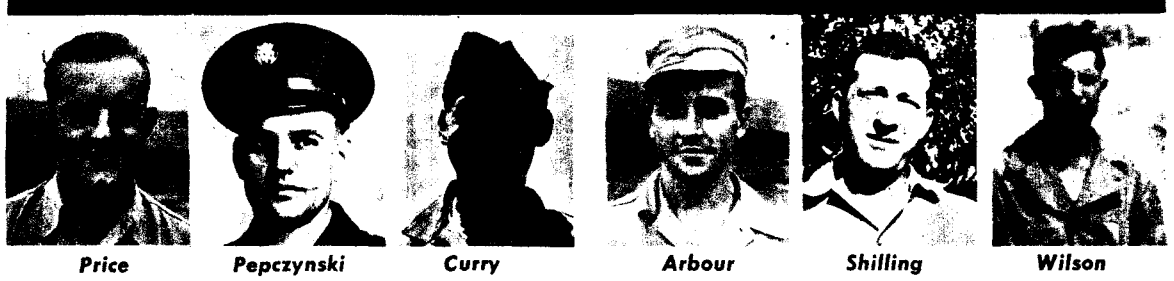
WORDS ACROSS THE SEA



Price Pepczynski Curry Arbour Shilling Wilson

Sgt. Donald Price, Saint Marys, W. Va., tells Cpl. Ronald McKnight in Alaska: "Remember the fun we had at Beavertown? How about sending me an Eskimo, in care of APO 627, New York?" . . . **Pvt. Walter J. Pepczynski** of New Britain, Conn., now in Nigeria, has lost touch with his three brothers: John, in the Navy; Joe, a Naval cadet; Lucian, a member of a bombardment squadron. They should write to Walter c/o YANK's *Words Across the Sea*. . . . **S/Sgt. John W. Curry** of Philadelphia, Pa., aboard an Army transport, wants to know if his brother, Joseph Curry, in the S. Pacific, ever got over his last hang-over. "In any event," John says, "write me when you see this."

Cpl. Jim Arbour of Akron, Ohio, now stationed in China, has this message for Bob Brunner, somewhere in the Pacific: "Consider this an invitation for a short beer in Tokyo. Write me c/o YANK's *Words Across the Sea*." . . . **Pfc. William J. Shilling** of Bloomingdale, N. J., and now stationed in Nigeria, would like Cpl. William Rooney at Chanute Field, Ill., to write him c/o YANK's *Words Across the Sea*. . . . **Pfc. Silas Wilson** of Haskell, Okla., is now stationed in Persia. He sends word to a Haskell friend, Frank Miller, who is in the Navy but was last heard from in St. Louis, Mo. Wilson says: "Hello, Frank. I don't wish you bad luck, but I wish you were here."

Dear YANK:
It's time somebody tossed a few bouquets at John Scarne for his fearless expose of card sharpers and dice doctors. I'd like to live off the interest on the dough he's already saved all the characters in the service. Fooey on all the human vacuum cleaners who scheme to get their claws on our cash.

Camp Peary, Va. —**BILL McDONALD S1c**

Dear YANK:
After reading your article on card sharpers, my pal and I were playing cards. We were losing considerable, and one man was doing all the winning. He seemed like a clever fellow handling the cards. I happened to run my fingers along the edge of the cards and found them uneven. We looked at them and he seemed guilty, and he talked himself right into his guilt. Thanks to John Scarne.

Fort Dix, N. J. —**Pvt. PETER CARUSO**

Dear YANK:
For some time there has been a steady flow of nonsense in your editorials about sending only V-mail. Since I have been handling mail since joining the Army two years ago I believe I am qualified to tell you this campaign is a flapdoodle. If saving space is your object, for Pete's sake cut out the daily papers—they are so old they mean nothing when they arrive. They come in lumps of 10 to 15 and are read in a couple of minutes. After all, who cares if Garfinkle's Bon Ton Toggery is selling zoot suits for $14.79? A magazine is a different story and they are read to pieces, even YANK [Advt.]. Aside from first-class and V-mail, it is true that newspapers make up half the bulk.

New Guinea —**Cpl. R. L. ULRICH**

Dear YANK:
Let me highly compliment you for publishing those very nice sketches by Howard Brodie. Many of my buddies look forward to them with great anticipation.

Camp Davis, N. C. —**Pvt. GEORGE ZAHOUR Jr.**

■ You'll see more of his work in this issue.

Dear YANK:
What's the story on this business of cooks passing the hat on troop trains? At the end of the trip they wander through with a GI can muttering, "Something for the cooks?" If their job is so tough, why doesn't YANK petition flying pay for them? We have due respect for the difficulties of feeding on a troop train, and perhaps something extra is due. But by the same token it is due to us, too. We gotta eat under the same difficulties.

Tyndall Field, Fla. —**A/C HALL G. VAN VLACK Jr.**

Dear YANK:
As per their letter in a July issue of YANK, please forward the enclosed picture [*left*] to Sgt. Ethel Gill and Sgt. Margaret Del Genio.

—**Pvt. L. F. LOCKWOOD**
Hammond Field, Calif.

■ Sgts. Gill and Del Genio's request in a July issue of YANK produced a flock of male pin-up pictures like the one reproduced which we're passing on to them. It's the girls' problem from now on. YANK washes its hands of the whole thing.

Dear YANK:
Who the hell wants to open a man's magazine and look at some glamor boy?

Camp Carson, Colo. —**Pvt. L. W. MITAS**

Dear YANK:
In a July issue you ran an answer to a letter about Brooklyn which should make any loyal Brooklynite's hair curl with rage. The story was about someone you sent to Brooklyn who got lost between Canarsie and Ebbets Field. That is impossible! We have wonderful transportation facilities there, and he would not need any rations or water because the people in Brooklyn are very friendly. Brooklyn is the garden spot of the world, and if I ever get a furlough I swear I will kiss the Brooklyn bridge.

Brookings, S. Dak. —**Cadet DAN WEINBERG**

■ Our reporter was last seen floating down the Gowanus.

Dear YANK:
I disagree with Pvt. S. Baron [in a July *Mail Call* letter] on the American Legion soliciting veterans of this war to join their organization. It would take several months to get an organization of our own in action, and we should not wait this long to start reshaping this world as we want it. There will be more of us than there will be of veterans of World War I, and with our vote we can control things. In that way we could benefit from their experience, and they could help us more than we realize. Later we could form an organization of our own.

Marfa, Tex. —**Pfc. C. F. AVEN**

Dear YANK:
Pvt. Baron hit the nail on the head. The American Legion has had its opportunities to extend its policies and affect national legislation. We must have the new blood and vigorous ideas of our present Army to meet a changing world situation. To align ourselves with the American Legion would invite stagnation instead of progress.

Champaign, Ill. —**Pvt. STANLEY WEINSTEIN**

Dear YANK:
I would like to comment on the picture of Esther Williams being tossed into a pool [in a July issue of YANK] by saying that T/Sgt. Slagel and his assistant in the picture are not aviation cadets. We have just been transferred from Merced Army Air Field to Kearns, Utah, as pre-aviation cadets and don't think that T/Sgt. Slagel should be classed as an aviation cadet.

—**Aviation Cadet Candidates***

AAFBTC No. 5, Kearns, Utah

*Cpl. J. L. Curtin, Cpl. J. C. Moore, Pvt. G. J. Mullen, Pvt. C. E. Hewitt.

■ YANK was wrong. Aviation cadets do not wear chevrons.

Dear YANK:
In *Strictly GI* [in a July issue of YANK] there was an article about a corporal who muffed the $64 question on a radio program. Well, it wasn't a corporal but a private and I should know because it was I. It happened on May 30 on the "Take It or Leave It" program in Hollywood.

AAB, Great Falls, Mont. —**Pvt. MARTIN SILVERMAN**

Dear YANK:
There was an article in a July issue that must have been written by a Yankee sure enough. It is the one on my home town, Arkadelphia, Ark., by Sgt. Bill Davidson. I'll admit I've been away some time, but the town couldn't have gone downhill that much. I'll have the sergeant know it's not a hillbilly town and never was. Why is it that is the only way people think of Arkansas?

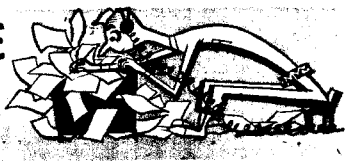
Ellington Field, Tex. —**A/C WILLARD E. KING**

Dear YANK:
The Coast Guard has a new uniform for their first- and second-class petty officers. It's smart and comfortable—a wonderful improvement over the old one. I have been wondering whether a change in uniform is also contemplated for the Navy. Our present uniform is not practical. It is difficult to put on and take off; it is not comfortable to wear; the white stripes do not come out clean when the uniform is dry-cleaned; and the 14 buttons on the trousers are a nuisance.

Cleveland, Ohio —**BENEDICT OREL MM2c**

■ No such change that we know of is planned for the Navy.

MESSAGE CENTER



B. Pfc. RAYMOND BEEKMAN, Btry. C. 130th CA, Fort Barry, Calif., wants news from *Glenn Cape*, who was inducted at Jefferson Barracks, Mo., and sent to Camp Callan, Calif. . . . Pvt. SAMUEL BLANSKY, Btry. A, 976 FA Bn., Camp Shelby, Miss., would like to hear from Lt. *Sidney Leigh*, USAAF, also Lt. *Philip Kaplan* of the QMC. . . . S/Sgt. BOUTIETTE, 511th B, Hq. and AB Sq., Fairmont AB, Geneva, Nebr., wants his friends who were in the *1st Rcn.* to write him. . . . Sgt. EDGAR W. BRANCH wants Pvt. *Eugene J. Weber*, who was stationed at Fort Benjamin Harrison, Ind., to write him at Induction Sta., RRC, Fort Leavenworth, Kans.

C. T-5 ROY A. CANEER, Hq. Det. Sta. Comp., MP Co., Aliceville Intern. Camp., Aliceville, Ala., wants news from S/Sgt. *Hugh B. Gray* and Cpl. *Carl Helgren*, believed to be in Africa. . . . Cpl. SAL P. CAROLLO wants his friends of *Class 21-C, Chanute Field, Ill.*, to write him at 64th TCS, 403 Gp., Pope Field, Fort Bragg, N. C. . . . Pvt. A. CHAYKIN wants Pfc. *Artie Berg*, who was at Fort Monmouth, N. J., and Camp Crowder, Mo., to write him at Co. A, 634th TD Bn., Camp Claiborne, La. . . . Pfc. GEORGE H. COOPER, Med. Det., SCU 1908, Camp Cooke, Calif., wants to hear from friends who were in the *95th (A) FA Bn.*, also *North Lawrence (Ohio)* friends now in the service.

F. Pfc. DEWEY FERRILL wants *Charles Sam Hunter* of Oklahoma City, Okla., to write him at Det. Med. Dept., Sta. Hosp., Fort Sill, Okla. . . . Pvt. MICHAEL FILOSA wants Pvt. *Joseph Constantino*, Africa, to write him at Co. L, 113th Inf., Eatontown, N. J. . . . Pvt. ALEX FURCSIK wants his cousin, *Frank Furcsik*, to write him at 826th Gd. Sq., Mitchel Field, N. Y.

G. Pfc. ROBERT I. GLASS wants *William C. Mohan* to write him at Hq. and Serv. Co., 725th Ry. Opn. Bn., Camp Claiborne, La. . . . T-5 BOB GRANNIS, Instr. Co. No. 1, 800th STR, Camp Crowder, Mo., would like to hear from Lt. *Carl Broadhurst*, whom he met last summer at Nashville, Tenn. . . . Pvt. GEORGE E. GRUBER, Co. C, 65th Med. Regt., Camp Forrest, Tenn., wants news from *Sam Giligan*, who was last heard from in Panama.

H. T/Sgt. WALTER L. HAUSE wants *Ormond H. Williams*, who was at Camp Shelby, Miss., to write him at Det. 3d AC Sq., 452d Hq., "E" AB Sq., Frederick Army Air Field, Okla. . . . Cpl. WILLIAM N. HESS wants *Paul Wisniewski*, who was in the 34th and 93d Inf., to write him at Ward 11-B, Walter Reed Hosp., Washington, D. C. . . . Pvt. W. L. HORTON, Sq. 149-55th Tng. Gp., Keesler Field, Miss., wants to hear from Sgts. *Winston* and *Cecil Crow*, 151st Engrs.

J. Pfc. P. J. JESIH, 782 TSS, (SP), Box 29, Lincoln Air Base, Nebr., wishes *John Martof*, Africa, a speedy recovery. . . . W/O FRANK H. JETER JR. wants Lt. *Cecil Lloyd*, stationed at Fort Bragg, N. C., in 1940, to write him at Rehabilitation Center, Fort Jackson, S. C.

K. Pvt. ANTHONY KADLIC, Co. D, 22d Inf., Fort Dix, N. J., wants the address of *John Vince* of Guttenberg, N. J., now in the Navy. . . . Pvt. JOHN T. KELBY, H & S Co., RS Bn., Camp Millard, Ohio, wants news from *Thurman Braun*, last heard from at Stapleton, N. Y.; *Steve* and *Skinney*, somewhere in Africa; and friends of *Co. B, 729, Ry. Opr. Bn.* . . . Lt. E. A. KIICK, SC Photo Lab., Camp Barkeley, Tex., wants mail from old members of the *145th FA Bn.*, former OCS classmates, and *John Dinges*, who is somewhere in Puerto Rico. . . . S/Sgt. CHARLES V. KIPH wants *George Chase Jr.* of Adair, Okla., and *Freddie Fernandez* of Goldendale, Wash., to write him at Hq. and Hq., 34 TEFT Gp., Turner Field, Ga.

L. M/Sgt. RAY LUNDY wants Cpl. *Amos Lundy*, his cousin in N. Africa, to write him at Port Hq. Det. B, 1st Ave. Cantonment, Seattle 4, Wash. . . . Cpl. CHESTER LUTOSTANSKI wants *Frank Lutie*, in the AAF in N. Africa, to write him at Serv. Co. A, AFRTC, Fort Knox, Ky.

M. TOM MAY, PO Box 96, Miami Springs, Fla., wants to get in touch with his *Shelby (Ohio)* friends; *Dean (Azzie) Hunter* and *Roger (Spider) Miller*. . . . Pvt. ALVIN MCPEEK, 1st Bn., Hq. Co., 272d Inf., 69th Div., Camp Shelby Miss., wants to hear from friends who were in *SC, 16th Inf., 1st Div.*, from 1935 to '40. . . . WALTER MILES, formerly of *27th Tech. Sch. Sq., AAF*, wants members of that squadron who knew him to write him at PO Box 5695, Metro Station, Los Angeles 55, Calif. . . . Cpl. JAMES L. MOORE wants Sgt. *Tom Johnson* of Colquitt, Ga., to write him at Btry D., 479th AAAW Bn. (Sem), Fort Fisher, N. C.

N. Cpl. ELI NEEDLE wants Pvt. *Syd Cohen* of Los Angeles, Calif., to write him at 2d PRTS, Daniel Field, Augusta, Ga. . . . Cpl. KENNEY NELSON, 484th Base Sq., AAB, Kearney, Nebr., would like to hear from Sgt. *Kenneth Wilbur* and Pvt. *William Howe*.

P. Pfc. ALBERT PARTON, 733 TSS, Ft. 4A, Fort Logan, Colo., wants to hear from: *Sgt. William* and Pvt. *John Healy*, Australia; Pvt. *Waye Ramsey*, England; Pfc. *Ronald Konter*, N. Africa; Pvts. *Glenn* and *Neil Ramsey*, somewhere in the States. . . . T-5 KARL POZAR, Btry. B, 21st CA, Fort Miles, Del., wants to hear from Pvt. *Ronald M. Brennan*, who was at Fort Sill, Okla., in November 1941. . . . Pfc. A. PRIMAVERA wants *Mario Cevoli*, formerly of Bainbridge Ave., New York City, to write him at Det. 907 QM Co., AAFAFS, Marianna, Fla.

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The Old Army

IT WAS NEVER LIKE THIS

He never saluted off the post, but in the company area his salute was his life.

By Pvt. DENNIS WIEGAND
YANK Staff Correspondent

"ME old CO from back in Battery B," the old sergeant says, "is puttin' in a bid fer me. The Old Man's a brigadier now an' is de woiks at Fort Antwerp G. Lush. The Old Man says he's got a spot fer me. An' I'm gettin' damn well fed up wid all dese damn reecroots."

It was a noble institution, the Old Army. There was none of this drilling in mud up to your knees while the dust blew in your face. That's the New Army. There were wide paved streets in the Old Army. Long cool tunnels of ancient oaks. There were old cannon all over the place, flanking sidewalks, half-buried in the ground as fence posts, squatting placidly on concrete platforms. No cleaning those sentimental keepsakes. No cosmolene. Slap a coat of paint on them once every five years and clean the bird's nests out of the muzzles. And you had to be a pfc. before they'd let you handle a detail like that.

Birds sang and flowers bloomed in the Old Army. All through the drowsy summer afternoons everyone was free to drowse. It was GI. The Old Regulars lived in tiled squad rooms in picturesque old brick buildings. They had foot lockers. They also had wall lockers. The officers lived in great rambling houses, covered with ivy and creeping roses. Several of the older posts used to model for college towns.

Everyone had a full squad of shoes under his bunk in the Old Army. You could fall out every day in fresh khakis and twice on Sundays. Except that no one fell out unless it happened to be a legal holiday. There was none of this short-sheeting the bunk for a white-collar inspection. Everyone had at least two sheets in the Old Army. No one had to pretend he had more than one just to spare the inspecting officer's feelings. And you didn't require two weeks' notice to get your other uniform back from the laundry in time for clothing inspection. In the Old Army they had uniforms reserved for inspection purposes only. And they'd begun openly to speak of the extra barracks bag as "the laundry bag," just before the Selective Service Act was passed.

Army Regulations were an open book to the Old Regular. He knew all the angles. "Geez, I'm getting fed up wid dis joint," he'd say. "I t'ink I'll have me shipped to Boimuder fer de winter." And, sure enough, he'd "work a coupla lid'l angles" and be basking in Bermuda within two weeks as an observer at some British post. Nothing was impossible to the Old Regular.

He never saluted an officer off the post, but in the company area the salute was his life. That neat little flycatcher highball took years of practice. "Very commendable salute Cpl. Swazzle has been turning out lately," the adjutant would remark to the Old Man.

"Yes, indeed, very creditable," the Old Man would say. "Nevertheless I'm still very fond of M/Sgt. Swagg's style of delivery. It needs years of discipline to put just the right touch of English on the highball, to use the enlisted vernacular."

"Yes, sir. Of course, sir," the adjutant would say, laughing lightly, even as you and I would under the circumstances.

"But, then," the Old Man would say indulgently, "Cpl. Swazzle has been in the service only 13 years. He's coming along very nicely, I'd say."

Only two more years to go and Cpl. Swazzle would be entitled to say, "Good morning, sir" even when the officer didn't speak first. The corporal wouldn't think of speaking to a private except in line of duty. When he was off duty he confined his social sphere to other corporals. In the Old Army when a man was promoted he'd pile all his issue in a great heap in the center of the squad room. With an honest, manly touch of moisture in his eyes he would say, "Well, guys, I guess this is it. We had a swell time all these years. But they posted me for corporal today." Gloom would descend over the squad room. Sleeves would be stealthily rubbed across eyes.

Then the new corporal would pull himself together with a snap, blow a blast on his new whistle and bark, "Come on, you goldbricks! Off and on! I want three volunteers to lug this junk up to the noncom barracks. Yes, I mean you, and you, and you!"

Of course they're all in the New Army now, nobly doing duty as "big brothers" in induction centers. Lecturing daily on "Coitesies an' Customs o' de Soivice." Explaining the difference between the left hand and the right hand and the importance of letting the left know what the right is going to do within the next five minutes. Telling you that the guard "ain't totin' no damn beanshooter" and that as a result "no damn reecroot had better get no damn ideas about goin' A-wall."

So be as considerate as you can. Please try to remember that it's no damn beanshooter and that "you ain't tryin' to keep no damn sun outta yer eyes wid dat mitt." Remember you came into this Army from some noisy, crowded office or a dirty old boiler works. But the Old Regular came to Tent City straight from the luxury of old Fort Scamander L. Utterby. And it's all uphill for him.

They had the proper dress for each occasion.

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YANK THE ARMY WEEKLY

How About the Old Job?

PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT has outlined a plan for post-war demobilization of servicemen and women which he will present to Congress.

The President's plan calls for a three-month furlough at regular base pay, but not exceeding $100 a month, plus allowances. This is intended to give the serviceman a chance to get set for the future before he officially leaves the armed forces. If he registers with the U. S. Employment Service, he can get 26 weeks of unemployment insurance beyond that period.

The plan also provides for veterans' credit for old-age and survivors' insurance; special provisions for resuming education interrupted by the war or for following new training courses in technical subjects; opportunities for agricultural employment and settlement by a limited number of qualified servicemen as well as special aid and counsel on rehabilitation and readjustment problems.

Needless to say, the President's plan has the approval of all of us in the armed forces. But to some of us, it brings up a few questions.

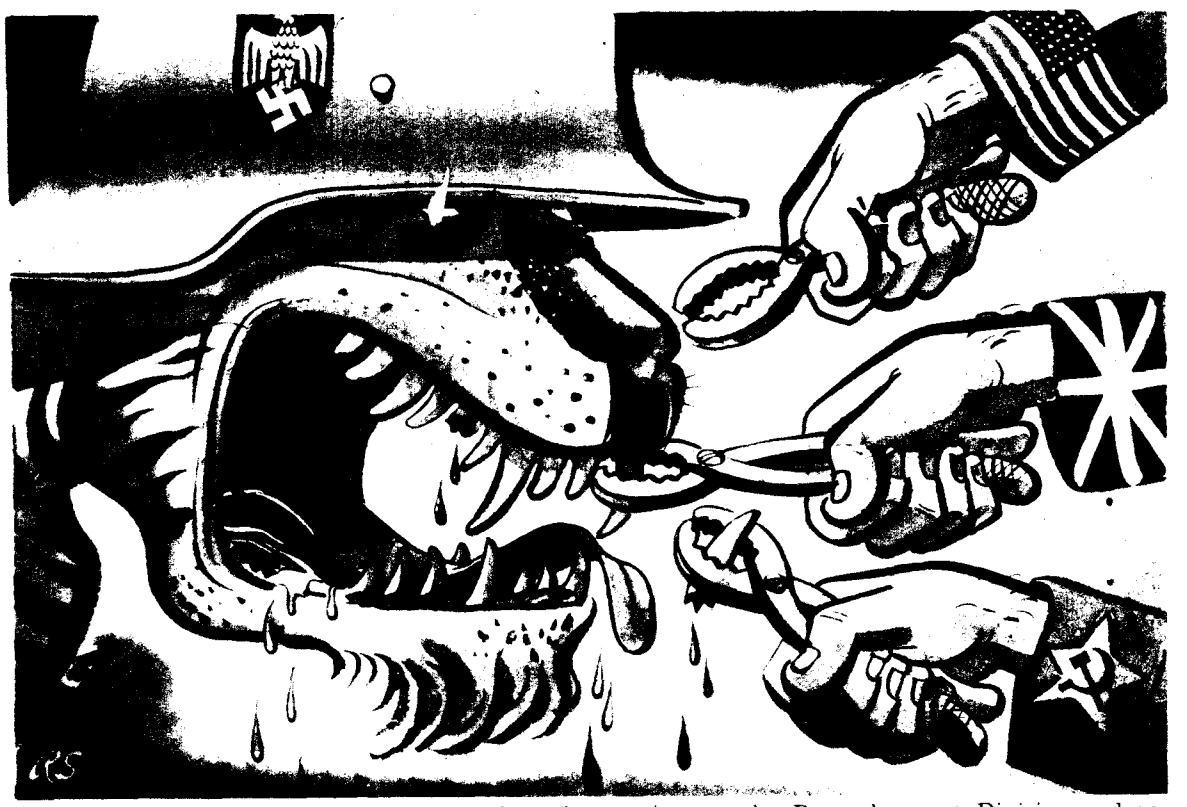
Why is it necessary to make elaborate provisions for finding jobs when the Selective Service System has already promised to get us back our old jobs after the war or to find us other jobs just as good? Does the President's plan mean that we probably won't be able to get our old jobs back after all? Does it relieve our former employers of any of the obligations to take us into the company again when we come home?

The answer is an emphatic no. The Reemployment Division of the Selective Service System is required by federal law to get you back into your old job or find you another one just as good. Nothing can change that law.

The President's proposed demobilization plan is simply extra help for the returning serviceman. Even if Congress decides to give us more benefits than the President has outlined, the law setting up the Reemployment Division and requiring the employer to give you back your old job will still stand.

The Attorney General of the United States assured YANK recently that the Department of Justice will do everything in its power to back up the rights of the serviceman that are stated in that law. So if you don't get your old job back, you can legally demand to know the reason why.

HE STILL HAS A LOT OF TEETH



STRICTLY G.I.

Army Voting

HERE'S what a soldier has to do if he wants to vote in the 1943 fall state, county and municipal elections:

He must apply to his CO for a special post card requesting a war ballot. After filling out and signing the post card he must get it certified by a commissioned officer. He then has to mail the card to the secretary of state of his home state. When he gets the war ballot he fills it out as per instructions, and returns the filled-in ballot to his state.

Some states add a little red tape to the above rules. New York, for instance, does not recognize the post card as an application for a ballot on state or local elections, so upon receipt of the post card the state will send a special application for registration and ballot. This must be filled out according to instructions and mailed; then the state will send the war ballot. Pennsylvania wants you to send in your post card to the county commissioner of your home county instead of the secretary of state.

Soldiers who do not want to vote in the above manner may vote in accordance with the laws of their states whenever practicable. Officers are warned against advising any soldier how to vote. See WD circular 156-1943 for full information.

This is the "off" year for national elections. Only two elections for Congressmen are scheduled: The 2d Congressional District of California, Aug. 31, and the 2d Congressional District of Kansas, Sept. 14.

Fifth Army Insignia

Here is the official insigne of the U. S. Fifth Army, the first American field army to be created in this war. In was activated in North Africa last January under Lt. Gen. Mark W. Clark. The device represents the land in which the army was created. The background is red, the mosque blue, and the "A" and the "5" white.

Furloughs Before Going Overseas

The WD has announced that furloughs will be given men before going overseas if they have had no furloughs during the preceding six months, and within "the limitations imposed by urgent military necessity." Soldiers who have had no furloughs since entering military service, no matter how long they've been in, will also get furloughs before being shipped overseas, within the same limitations.

Keep Your Mouth Shut

Pvt. Arthur J. Ingebredtson, of the American Eighth Army in England, has been sentenced to five years in prison by a military court martial for disclosing details of a new type of combat plane. Ingebredtson made the disclosures to a couple of RAF noncoms in the presence of civilians. Evidence showed he had been drinking.

Paper Communion Cups

Two million paper cups have been purchased for chaplains on transports and overseas posts, the WD announces. The use of paper cups will prevent loss and breakage and will help in the administration of the elements in the Holy Communion service.

"Altitude Teeth"

Army flyers in the South Pacific are being given special treatment for a kind of toothache called "altitude teeth." The pain starts when the flyers hit high altitudes and stops as soon as they get down to earth. Medics have discovered that a type of metal filling causes this phenomenon and they have developed a cement-base filling that will prevent it.

Washington O.P.

THE generals are flying back to Washington with reports on Sicily. Maj. Gen. Joseph M. Swing, commander of the 11th Airborne Division, brought a story about paratroopers turning back a counterattack of 60-ton Mark VI tanks of the 15th Panzer Division. "The secret," he said, "was in holding our fire until they were 50 yards away and then letting them have it with a bazooka. One shot didn't stop them, but plenty of them turned back with every indication that they'd had enough."

To spike latrine rumors about some soldiers serving 5 or 8 years after the duration if they've had specialized training, this is official from ASTP headquarters: "There is no obligation on the part of ASTP soldiers to serve in the army for a longer period than any other soldiers."

Some time ago AAF went to a lot of trouble issuing sleeve insignia to its enlisted technicians. They helped keep men on the right jobs and boosted their spirits. But many were ripped off for security reasons when men went overseas. Now they can be sewed back on again if the theater okays it, and in this country the staging areas and ports of embarkation will cease removing them. —YANK's Washington Bureau

This Week's Cover

1ST Sgt. Wanda Cecil of the WAAC company at Camp Grant, Ill., gets some tips on her job from an old timer, 1st Sgt. Howard H. Horne of Company C, 28th Battalion, who's been in the service for 28 years. See pages 8-9 for story on the Waacs who will soon be the Wacs.

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MAIN EDITORIAL OFFICE
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CAMP NEWS

GI HOUDINI. Cpl. Sid Radner of Holyoke, Mass., stationed at Buckley Field, Colo., is an escape artist. He is shown slipping out of a strait jacket while lying on a diving board at a club near Denver.

TUMBLING DOWN. The camera nabbed these three paratroopers after they had jumped from their plane and just before their chutes were fully opened. Their objectives are near Fort Benning, Ga.

ARMY AMAZON. Aux. Jessie Kent of the WAAC detachment at Camp Davis, N. C., is not one to take the Army half way. She really hits the dirt. She voluntarily took this tough infiltration course.

NO GUILLOTINE. It's an "infiltration trainer" at Camp Stewart, Ga., teaching soldiers to keep their heads down. If the crawler gets too high, the sticks touched register amount of exposure.

MEDICO SCULPTORS. Visual aids in training medical men at Camp Pickett, Va., are held so important that five soldiers have a full-time job of making plaster-cast models of parts of the body.

Body Beautiful?

Baer Field, Ind.—Army life isn't tough enough for Pvt. Phillip Gottesman of Brooklyn, N. Y. To harden his muscles, he disdains a mattress, prefering to sleep on four boards fastened to the frame of his bunk. Prior to coming here, he was stationed in a Chicago hotel where, "just for the exercise," he regularly walked up 25 flights of stairs to his room.

He reads all printed matter upside down. He says that's to strengthen his eyes. He owes all to being a vegetarian and to the practice of "dynamic tension," a method of exercise which pits one set of muscles against another.

Melting Pot Division

Camp Maxey, Tex.—The 102d Infantry Division here can easily claim to be truly representative of both the country and the country's status as the "melting pot" of the world.

Officers and GIs of the 102d come from every walk of life and from every one of the 48 states and the District of Columbia. Pennsylvania leads with a representation of 1,758, while Nevada has the fewest with only 2.

Foreign-born officers and enlisted men are from 54 different countries, with the greatest number coming from Canada.

How About the Truck?

Marianna Army Air Field, Fla.—Cpl. Joseph Toomer of the 312th Aviation Sq. crawled beneath a 10-ton gasoline trailer here to catch a little shut-eye. While Toomer pounded his ear, the driver appeared and, unmindful of the corporal, started to drive off.

The rear wheels of the truck passed over Cpl. Toomer's legs. Toomer awoke, stood up and even walked over to the Post Engineering office where an ambulance was called.

At the hospital, X-rays showed no broken bones—only bruises and skinned legs.

Conversation Piece

Fort Devens, Mass.—Aux. Lillian M. Graf, of Newburyport, Mass., was a hard worker when she was a member of the draft-board staff in her home town. She *has* to be even more conscientious now when she does KP duty at Mess No. 2896 here. The reason: Sgt. Louis Williams, also of Newburyport.

But the explanation is not romantic. It seems

SUPERMAN

Camp Barkeley, Tex.—Cpl. Charley Stark of the 90th Div. Motor Transport unit was showing off his muscles recently to two feminine admirers. He put an arm around each girl and squeezed.

One girl screamed suddenly—but not in delight. She had three ribs cracked.

NEW WAYS. These men of the Engineer Amphibian Command at Camp Edwards, Mass., are demonstrating the use of shelter halves as a boat to keep equipment dry as they swim for shore.

AAF BLACKSMITH. Mechanics used to overhauling airplane motors get a look at the old style as Pfc. John Smith tightens up a shoe on one of the saddle horses at Coffeyville Army Air Field, Kans.

ARMORED CHORUS. It's only make believe, but it's good. Those four beauties are males from the 13th Armored Division, Camp Beale, Calif., in a scene from "Black Cat Revue," staged at the post.

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that Aux. Graf once sicked the law on Williams when he failed to appear for induction. Williams was away on a 10-day fishing trip and was innocent of any wrongdoing. When he appeared, it was revealed that he had been in the Army 12 years, had just received an HD, and was glad enough to return to service.

Wonder what they find to talk about?

The Name Is Robinson

Selman Field, La.—One NTS plane here recently got a lot of attention from an officer and three GIs in what might be termed "Robinson" treatment.

In one day: Pvt. Robinson serviced it. Lt. Robinson flew it on a morning mission. S/Sgt. Robinson checked it on its return. And A/C Robinson was a member of the crew when it made its night flight.

AROUND THE CAMPS

Turner Field, Ga.—Afc. Evelyn Walsh received the fright of her life recently when lightning zoomed into her barracks not 2 feet away from where she was sitting. The bolt caused considerable damage to a neighboring Waac's clothing and to the area immediately surrounding her bunk, but the amazing thing was that it didn't even crack a pane of the window it passed through.

Pine Camp, N. Y.—Dentists in the dental clinic here were all ready to go to work after the waiting room had filled up one day recently. When Sgt. Charles Bangs finished filling out dental forms for everyone, he looked up from his desk and found that the room had emptied suddenly. Explanation: the men were members of a work detail who had blundered into the clinic by mistake and had been removed when found by their NCO-in-charge.

This puss in boot is Jinx, mascot of a heavy bombardment crew in training at the Army Air Base near Dalhart, Tex. The boot is her high-altitude flying costume. It's a GI fit.

R. I. P.

Boise, Idaho—Pvt. Murten E. Sisson, with an Army Medical Corps detachment here, wrote his parents recently that his CO was a stickler for well-policed barracks areas. Recently someone was remiss in "dive-bombing" and four match sticks were found in the area.

"A detail of 24 men just left camp with full packs," Pvt. Sisson wrote. "They will march 6 miles out, dig holes 4 by 6 by 4 feet, and bury the match sticks."

Wendover Field, Utah—S/Sgt. James McClung recently pulled his car to the side of the road in the desert, 40 miles from his field. In the back seat, attended by a Red Cross worker, Mrs. McClung gave birth to James Jr.

Birmingham Air Base, Ala.—Want ad in a recent issue of the Birmingham Air Base *News*: "WANTED—Strong mule to do the work of a soldier. Pfc. Larry Smith, Birmingham (Ala.) Air Base."

Camp Roberts, Calif.—Pvt. Herbert Richardson got a package of cookies recently and then came a wire from his mother: "Don't eat cookies. Found glass in them." The cookies looked good. Pvt. Richardson and his buddies took a chance—and lived to tell about it.

Scottsbluff Internment Camp, Nebr.—Pvt. David Firstenberg, 362d MPEG, reports to his wife in Brooklyn, N. Y., that everyone out his way is trying to get *on* KP, even to the extent of offering cash on the barrelhead. Says Pvt. Firstenberg: "Guys begin to realize that you get at least 78 percent more sleep at the end of a day's KP (and also on the night preceding KP) than on two days of guard."

Camp Rousseau, Calif.—Caskie Burnette S2c and Robert Burns, Cox., considered themselves lucky to get a lift into Ventura recently. The driver stopped at a restaurant in Oxnard, telling the two Seebees that he was just going to get something to eat. They waited and finally found out that the man had disappeared. They delivered the car to an address they presumed was the owner's, only to be met by police. It was a hot car. Burnette and Burns are thumbing no more.

Parris Island, N. C.—"How old are you?" the colonel asked Pvt. Stephen Hopkins, son of Harry Hopkins, at inspection. "Seventeen—er—no, sir—18, sir," Pvt. Hopkins answered. "Make up your mind," the colonel snapped. "I just happened to remember, sir," Hopkins said. "Today's my birthday." The colonel passed along to the next marine, then turned his head slightly. "Pvt. Hopkins," he said, "happy birthday."

Harbor Defenses of San Francisco, Calif.—Battery E, the Tunneleers, topped the blood-donor list in a campaign sponsored by the HDSF's official newspaper, *Golden Gate Guardian*. The list contained 89 names and a note: "When you draw blood from these men, you draw the finest blood in the HDSF!"

MacDill Field, Fla.—It had been a busy day for Cpl. Bill Flood of the base infirmary here. A husky GI walked in with another patient. "Busted neck," he said. "How's about fixin' him up?" Flood took one look and shook his head. "How's about an X-ray?" the GI asked. That was the last straw. Flood exploded. "Squadron mascot or not, brother," he said, "we can't take X-rays of alligators."

Camp Blanding, Fla.—1st Sgt. Jim Canning of the 263d Engineers Bn. planned a surprise birthday party and cake for Aux. Mary Diane Zubal. His secret didn't keep long. Fellow members of the Engineers' Castle Club here found and ate the cake in advance.

Camp Adair, Oreg.—Pvt. Charles P. Jones of Greensboro, N. C., appeared before his first sergeant recently and asked for a certificate for a pair of shoes. Imagine his surprise when he was called up to be interviewed for the Paratroops.

YANK wants interesting news items, features and photographs from Camp PROs and Special Service Offices. Send all material to YANK, Camp Features, 205 E. 42d St., New York 17, N. Y.

MAN EATER. But he only chews man meat when it's non-GI. Thunder, a Great Dane, belongs to the Sentry Dog Detachment of the 725th MP Bn. at Fort Jackson, S. C. Here Cpl. Al Bonady, with a well-padded arm, gives Thunder a little practice while trainer Pfc. David Berryman keeps him under control.

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YANK

Pin-up Girl

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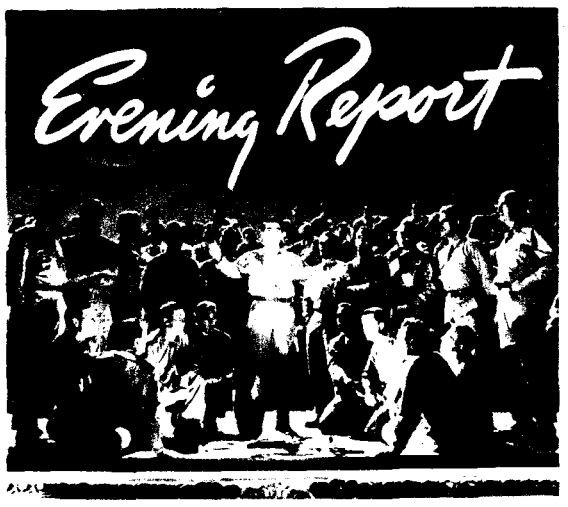
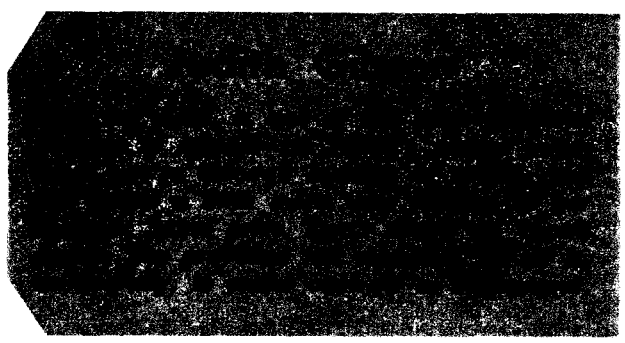


Scene from the movie "This Is the Army."

HOLLYWOOD. The film version of "This Is the Army," which earned $2,000,000 for the Army Emergency Relief as a stage show, had its premiere in New York July 28. Warner Bros. made an initial payment of $250,000 for the privilege of filming the Irving Berlin production. On the Hollywood lot, while the movie version was being shot, GIs in the cast were always saluting civilian extras who were wearing officers' uniforms. Finally, the enlisted men squawked and made the extras wear identifying arm bands on their officers' sleeves. . . . William Bendix suffered a sprained shoulder, contusions and lacerations when he dove into a foxhole during the filming of "Guadalcanal Diary" for 20th-Century Fox. He finished the scene strapped up. . . . "The Story of Dr. Wassell," the tale of Comdr. Corydon M. Wassell, Navy Cross winner, is being cast with Gary Cooper slated for the lead and Paul Kelley in a secondary role. . . . Stubby Kruger, swimmer-comedian, has been signed by Warner Bros. for a role in "Destination Tokyo," a story of life in a submarine. . . . Gracie Fields, reputed highest-paid singing star, will not sing a note in her forthcoming starring vehicle, "Holy Matrimony," in which she's teamed with whisker-man Monty Woolley. . . . Charles Coburn, vet screen and stage star, was an excellent ball player in his youth. When on tour with his stock company, he and members of his cast used to take on college and semi-pro teams in the towns they visited. . . . The highest price on record for screen rights to a play or story was paid recently by Mary Pickford for "Junior Miss"—$410,000.

COAST TO COAST. Radio station WJOB at Hammond, Ind., has sold a full 24-hour program, "Salute to Victory," effective the moment Adolf Hitler surrenders, according to *Variety*. . . . Because of transportation problems, Sonja Henie's "Hollywood Ice Revue," now on the West Coast, will play only in Chicago, Detroit and New York this year instead of making its usual tour. . . . Paul Robeson will go on the road in a revival of Margaret Webster's production of "Othello." New Haven, Boston and Philadelphia will see the show before it reaches Broadway. . . . Mike Todd announced that he would present Mae West in "Catherine Was Great," a play of her own authorship. . . . The Hedgerow Theater at Moylan, Pa., where Ann Harding of the films first attracted attention as an actress, played a revival of George Bernard Shaw's "Candida."

BAND BEAT. Alfred Wallenstein becomes permanent conductor of the Los Angeles Philharmonic Orchestra. . . . Van Alexander replaced Joe Venuti recently at New York's Roseland. . . Henry Jerome and his orchestra are at the Roosevelt in Washington, D. C. . . . Herb Miller (Glenn's brother) and his orchestra start a tour soon which will take them into theaters in Omaha, Indianapolis, Chicago, Cleveland, Columbus, New York and Boston. . . . Jimmy Dorsey is booked for the Palladium, Hollywood, from Aug. 27 through Sept. 6. . . . Sonny Dunham and his orchestra will be at Lakeside Park, Denver, from Aug. 27 through Sept. 12.



PASS

At night
We write
Our name on pass;
But night and pass
Erase too fast.

Fort Sheridan, Ill. —Pvt. IRV. ROSENTHAL

JUNGLE LAMENT

Pvt. MacGrinder Fitzgerald McJeep
Moaned and groaned and tossed in his sleep.
In his cot was some sand and an ant or two;
He was covered with chiggers that stuck like glue.

He had caught a cold in the jungles damp
And from atabrine pills developed a cramp.
He was dopey from taking those thousands of pills
That the medics dispense to banish all ills.

His GI garments were covered with mold,
And the only papers were six months old.
The sun never shone and his shoes never dried,
And his waterproof tent let the rain inside.

His folding mess kit would always fold up
As he tried to juggle his tools, kit and cup.
He discovered that beans weren't confined to the Navy.
And his pie never missed being garnished with gravy.

Shows were few and his gal didn't write;
When at last she did, she said: "Last night
I weakened, now don't be enraged.
To an aircraft worker I'm now engaged."

But for all of these troubles he cares not a whit;
His mind's on the home folks doing their bit.
His father's at Lockheed, his mother's at Bell;
Three sisters at Boeing are doing quite well.

With all that money and no gas to roam,
With victory bonds they have papered their home.
And still our poor private is out on his feet.
Wondering how his home folks will eat.

The jungle has got him, 'tis sad to state,
And the moral of this I will now relate:
Forget the home folks and the gals that don't write;
Lie under a tree and watch the natives turn white.

New Guinea —Cpl. CARL SHUTE

SPAM

Jackson had his acorns, Grant his precious rye,
Teddy had his poison beef, worse you couldn't buy.
The doughboy had his hardtack without this Army's jam.
All armies on their stomachs move, and this one moves on spam.

For breakfast they will fry it, for supper it is baked,
For dinner what a delicacy, they have it pat-a-caked;
Next morning it's with flapjacks or maybe powdered eggs.
Where the hell'd they get it all?
They must order it by kegs.

Surely for the evening meal they'll cook up something new,
But these cooks are sure uncanny; now it's in the stew.
And thus this tireless cycle goes, it never seems to cease:
Spam in stew, spam in pie, spam in boiling grease.

We've had it tucked in salads, with cabbage for corned beef,
We've had it for an entree, perhaps aperitif,
We've had it with spaghetti, with chili and with rice;
I remember such a happy day, we only had it twice.

Back home I have an angel whose name I'm going to change.
I'll buy her a fancy home with a newfangdangled range;
But marital bliss is sure to cease if I ever ask for ham
And find my eggs are looking up from a slice of cursed spam.

Morocco —Cpl. MARK F. QUIGLEY

GIT UP AND GIT OUT

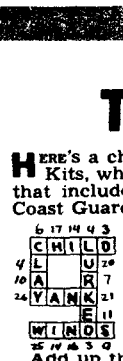
The bugle blows—
And why, Lord only knows.

Out of the blackness enfolding me,
Farewell to the warm bed holding me.
A curse on the morning night, ebony black;
A curse on the brisk breeze chilling my back;
A prayer that only a soldier knows,
"Please, Lord, where are my reveille clothes?"

Fort Taylor, Fla. —1st Sgt. LUMAN S. NUTTER

TEE-TOTAL

HERE'S a chance to win one of YANK's big Puzzle Kits, which will be given as prizes to GIs (and that includes *all* branches of the service—Navy, Coast Guard, etc.) who submit the highest scores on this puzzle. If you haven't tried this word game before, start now.



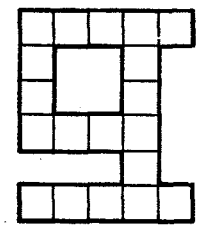
Simply fill the diagram with five good English words. No proper nouns (that rules out names of persons or places). "Webster's Collegiate Dictionary, 5th Edition" is our authority for acceptable words.

Add up the number values of the 19 letters you have used, giving each letter its value as shown on the chart below. The idea is to use words which have letters of high value. *In adding your score count each letter only once.*

A sample work-out is shown here, with a score of 236. Can you beat that par?

LETTER VALUES

A	10	N	16
B	19	O	2
C	6	P	18
D	3	Q	23
E	11	R	7
F	24	S	9
G	22	T	8
H	17	U	20
I	14	V	13
J	5	W	25
K	21	X	1
L	4	Y	26
M	15	Z	12



Score..... *Submitted by:*

.....

.....

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Mail to Puzzle Editor, YANK, 205 East 42d Street, New York 17, N. Y., within two weeks of the date of this issue if you are in the U. S., within *eight weeks* if you are outside the U. S. [8/20]

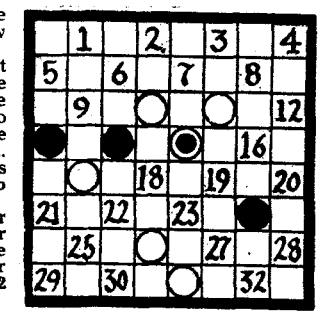
CHECKER STRATEGY

WHITE TO MOVE AND DRAW

CAN you pull White through for a draw here?

Looks impossible, doesn't it? Not only is Black one checker ahead, but the king on 15 has forked two White checkers and is sure to capture one of them. Nevertheless, the draw is there for White. Try to find it!

Before checking your analysis with the answer on page 22, number the playing squares of your checkerboard from 1 to 32 as shown.



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My Gal Margie

I'M sitting at the counter drinking my coke and talking to Margie. She's the cute little trick behind the counter and the long lashes. The wolves are crowded around making a lot of wisecracks as usual and trying to chisel in on the conversation. But Margie ignores them and gives me all the play. Y'see, she's different from the other chicks.

She splashes another coke in front of me and forgets again to take my nickel. Even while we're being heckled. Margie and me can see it's the real thing and go sailing along in the clouds.

Using the same buffalo head, I down five more cokes and am about to kill another when a foghorn voice foghorns: "Hiya pal, who's your snootie cutie?" At the same time a heavy hand smashes me right between the shoulders and I see pretty spots.

The next thing I know, a bunch of my buddies are picking me up.

"Thanks, fellows," I gargle. "The next time my stool comes around, sit me on it, will ya?"

"Too bad, chum, but the three-striper has it now. Is it a friend of yours?"

I take a look. It is old Neon Stripes, from my orderly room. I edge over to the end of the counter, and the lump comes when I see Margie giving him the glad eye. Yeah, she's different, all right.

She's pushing a coke in front of him, and asking sweetly, "Is this strong enough?"

He gulps half a glassful and snorts, "Nah, ain't got no kick at all."

Then Margie gives him a wink. "I have some stuff here that'll give it a kick, if you're not scared of 100 proof."

He shoves her the glass. "Fix it up, honey, but fast."

She takes the glass, busies herself under the counter and hands him the coke-a-la-Margie.

But I can't bear to see any more as my heart is breaking, so I make for the door. Just as I'm about to open the door, however, Neon Stripes spins off the stool and dashes past me like a bat outa Germany.

When I'm walking Margie home after work that night, I quiz her about Neon's very hasty departure.

She smiles at me, and I tingle all the way down to my toes. "Periwinkle," she says softly, "I gave your khaki kid a very special treat. Not everybody gets a chance to slug 100-proof castor oil with a shot of coke in it."

What could I do? I dood it.

I told you she was different, didn't I?

Camp Maxey, Tex. —S/Sgt. HARRY D. DOWLAN JR.

POST EXCHANGE

This Post Exchange, like YANK itself, is wide open to you. Send your cartoons, poems and stories to: The Post Exchange, YANK, The Army Weekly, 205 East 42d Street, New York 17, N. Y.

If your contribution misses the mark, you will receive YANK's special de luxe rejection slip, that will inspire a more creative mood.

Nude in the Pullman

THE trains these days are pretty crowded and the only way you can get a seat is to exercise your imagination and ingenuity. There are various tricks, but here's a good one that works every time with me.

When you hop a rattler in Baltimore, you invariably find it full, with the Washington gang beating you to the draw for all seats. Pay this no mind. Stay in the vestibule and wait till the train pulls out of Baltimore. Wait till it gets roaring along at 36 mph. Wait till the people in seats settle back to sleep and those in the aisle adjust themselves on stacked baggage. Then you spring into action.

Leap out of the vestibule and scramble down the crowded aisle, vaulting over sprawled people, luggage and bird cages. Look wild-eyed, breathe hard and, as you go, scream at the top of your voice, "My God! Stop that naked woman. She's crazy!"

Mild consternation should result, depending on the effort you pour into this act. Certainly a buzz of comment should sweep the car.

Maybe one sailor will leave his seat to investigate this alleged nutty nude. But be on the safe side. After you pass through the third car, duck quickly into the vestibule and throw yourself flat against the wall. Your act may be going over bigger than you think! (The first time I pulled this gag three carloads of furlough-bound sailors sprang from their seats—spilling popcorn, Baby Ruths, sea bags and pick-ups—took after me, caught up with me and stomped over me in a rush that left me flatter than a Wrigley wrapper!) So don't underestimate the results of your efforts. Get in that vestibule quick!

Now after this fang-dripping horde barges by, you slip out of your hiding place, tiptoe back through the cars and choose a seat near a window, preferably one that has a pick-up on ice. Help yourself to any sandwiches and cokes on the windowsill and settle back with a YANK. If an irate, puzzled and frustrated sailor returns demanding "his" seat, pretend you don't know anything about it. Don't worry about the sailor; he'll leave. The seat's yours. The pick-up, too.

Holabird Ordnance Depot, Md. —T-5 FRANK AGAR

"Maybe you did once get out of a jungle without a compass. This time we're really lost. This is Brooklyn."

—Sgt. Ted Miller, Mitchel Field, N. Y.

YARDBIRD JONES

Yardbird Jones once met a girl,
Told the gang she was a pearl;
Took her to a GI dance
For some fun and sweet romance.

There the wolves began to puff,
Watching Lulu strut her stuff.
Yardbird Jones let out a wail—
The pack was on libido trail.

Taking Lulu off the floor,
Yardbird Jones hit for the door;
Said, "If in peril she's to be,
Let her be in it with me."

Hobbs Army Air Field, N. Mex. —Cpl. ALBERT UTZ

Typical Army Chow

IT was typical army chow.

We had beefsteak so tasty it would almost melt in your mouth, so tender you could cut it with a fork. The trimmings included mashed potatoes with meat gravy, string beans, lettuce, sliced tomatoes, rolls and butter, ice tea and lemon pie that tasted like more.

There was good food and plenty of it. We had lots of time to relax over the meal and puff at the 10-cent cigars the mess sergeant handed out.

It was typical army chow—for those festive occasions which include Thanksgiving, Christmas and the visit of Hollywood actress Jane Wyman.

Fort Warren, Wyo. —Pvt. ROLAND WHITE

EMERGENCY

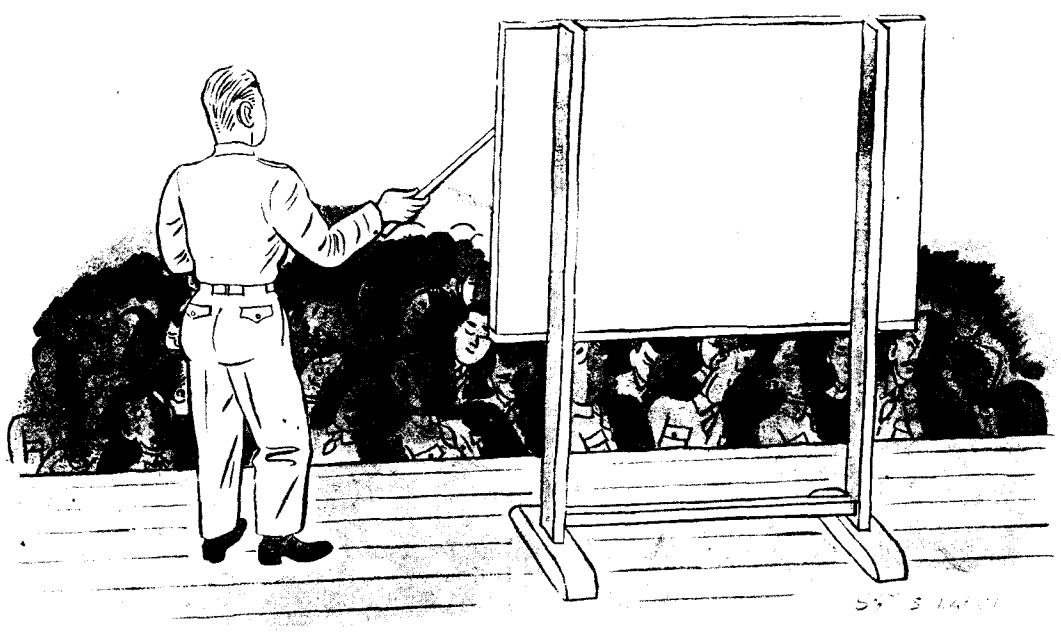
"I need a furlough right quick, sir;
You see, my wife's 'expecting.'
And this is one emergency
I hope you're not rejecting."
"What will you name it when it comes?"
"I guess you do not see sir.
The little woman way back home
Is just expecting me, sir."

Somewhere in New England —Sgt. IRVING CARESS

THOUGHT AT BEDTIME

To resurrect my energy and strength
So that I can go back to bed at length.

Camp Crowder, Mo. —Pvt. LOUIS FISHER



"This gas will, at first, make the victim groggy."

—Sgt. Sydney Landi, AAC Richmond, Va.

PUZZLE SOLUTIONS

CHECKER STRATEGY

White moves 11 to 7. Black king jumps 15 to 6. . . . White pitches 31 to 27. Black jumps 24 to 31. . . . White crowns. 7 to 2. Black king jumps 31 to 22. . . . White king jumps 2 to 9 to 18 to 25. . . . Now, if Black moves 17 to 21, then White wins (although a piece down) by 25 to 22. See how? So *Black* must run for the draw now, by pitching, 17 to 22. White draws.

PHOTO CREDITS: Cover—PRO, Camp Grant, Ill. 4 & 5—Sgt. John Bushemi. 6—USAFISPA. 8 & 9—Cpl. Ben Schnall. 11, 12 & 13—Sgt. Pete Paris. 18—Left, top to bottom: AAF Training Command, Buckley Field, Colo.; Signal Corps, Camp Davis, N. C.; Medical PRO, Camp Pickett, Va.; INP. Center, top to bottom: INP; Signal Corps; PRO, Coffeyville AAF, Kans. Lower right: PRO, Camp Beale, Calif. 19—Upper, Acme; lower, Sgt. John Frano. 20—Paramount. 21—Warner Bros. 23—Upper, PA; lower, Acme.

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SPORTS: GI SHORT SPORT STORIES FROM HERE AND THERE

By Sgt. DAN POLIER

Jimmy Dykes, ex-inmate of Camp Grant's bastille, knows the "Prisoner's Song" well.

Dykes' Guardhouse Blues

DON'T ever mention guardhouse to Manager Jimmy Dykes of the Chicago White Sox. According to Arthur Daley of the New York *Times*, Jimmy knows all about GI clinks and has actually seen the inside of one of them.

Last spring the White Sox were playing an exhibition at Camp George, Ill., and his shortstop got into a violent argument with Umpire Art Passarella. Finally Passarella signaled the MPs. They escorted the shortstop off the field and threw him into the guardhouse to cool off.

A few weeks ago the White Sox were playing another exhibition at Camp Grant, Ill., and Passarella was umpiring again. Only this time Passarella was in the Army himself.

"One of the boys tipped me off that Passarella is all set to have me thrown into the guardhouse if I open my trap even once," Dykes said. "So I keep nice and quiet. I won't even talk to him.

"But by the ninth inning I begin to get curious. So I tell Mike Tresh, my catcher, to object to a decision. As soon as he does I rush over to the plate and raise hell. Before I know what's happening the MPs grab me and bring me before a major.

" 'What's the charge?' he asks. Then he says, 'Oh, never mind. Leave the charge open. Lock him up.'

"I'm in there a while and Passarella comes to see me. 'Get me out of here,' I tell him. 'Sorry, Jimmy,' he says. 'I'm just a private and I haven't any influence.' They left me in there an hour before releasing me. I sweat so much that I was wringing wet. It taught me that the Four Freedoms are not enough. There should be a fifth guaranteeing that Dykes will be kept in the open air."

Sharkey Challanges Louis

JACK SHARKEY has been lured into a match with Sgt. Joe Louis. But don't get excited. It's only a golf match.

It happened like this:

Fred Corcoran, former PGA tournament manager and more recently a Red Cross field director in England, was putting on one of his camp sports-quiz programs at Fort Devens, Mass., and he asked Sharkey to come along and help entertain the boys. Sharkey cheerfully agreed, little suspecting that Corcoran would back him against the ropes and trick him into challenging Louis.

During the show a GI asked Corcoran:

"Can Sharkey beat Louis at anything?"

"Yes, I think he can," Corcoran said. "Probably at golf.

"What's your highest score, Jack?" Corcoran asked him.

"Oh, I guess that would be the 99 I got the first time I played," Sharkey answered.

"If you broke a 100 the first time you played, you are the first one who ever did," Corcoran assured him. Then he asked, "What's your best score?"

Sharkey modestly confessed that he had once shot a nifty 78.

"Then you're just the guy to take on Louis. You'll murder him," Corcoran exclaimed.

"I'd like to do that to him somewhere. I couldn't do it to him in the ring," Sharkey admitted as he lowered his guard.

"That's a challenge, Jack," Corcoran shouted. "We'll get Gene Sarazen up here to get you in condition for Louis right away. I'm sure you can beat him and I'm not kidding. Are you sure you're not kidding about that 99 first-round of yours and that 78?"

"As true as I'm sitting here, I did both of them," Sharkey said. "But you don't want me to tell you what I did between those rounds?"

"Positively not," Corcoran insisted. "Don't try to spoil this one on me now."

Corcoran hopes to match Louis and Sharkey in a best-two-out-of-three exhibition series. The first match will be played at Fort Devens. The others? Sharkey has something to say about them.

"You'd better find some Naval station that has a golf course for our second round," Jack told Corcoran. "I'm an ex-gob myself and I insist that the Navy gets cut in on this one."

Pitcher from Heaven

SGT. Burtt Evans, YANK's Caribbean correspondent, recently went to Trinidad to get a story on a Negro Antiaircraft outfit whose baseball team, the Red Diamonds, had won the Island World Series. During his interview with Sgt. Henry McKinney, the team's star pitcher, Evans asked:

"Where do you come from?"

"Why d'you wanna write about that," McKinney complained, "when these hens down here think I come from heaven?"

SPORTS SERVICE RECORD

Biggest noise on the North Carolina Naval Pre-Flight baseball team is Lt. (jg) Buddy Hassett, former Yankee first baseman. He leads all other Cloudbusters, including Ted Williams, with a gaudy .460 average.

YANK's correspondents in North Africa tell us that **Cpl. Zeke Bonura** (he used to be a sergeant) is overlording the vast Special Service baseball program at Oran, Algeria. He controls the destinies of more than 1,000 players, 150 teams and even the generals call him by his first name. . . . **Sgt. Joe DiMaggio** is only second in the team batting averages at the Santa Ana (Calif.) Army Air Base. A GI named Ward has led him all through the season. . . . That no-hitter which **Walter Masterson** pitched for the Navy in Honolulu was the first one in the history of the 15-year-old Hawaii League. The week before Masterson, a former Washington Senator, struck out 19 men.

The GIs on the Fiji Islands have reconditioned an abandoned race course and now conduct racing meets every other Saturday with spavined native plugs. . . . **Tommy Thompson**, slick forward-passing star of the Philadelphia Eagles, was drafted although he has only one eye. . . . **Capt. Billy Southworth Jr.**, son of the Cardinal manager, is piloting a Fortress named the *Winning Run* in raids over Germany. . . . **Bob Westfall**, Michigan's great halfback, washed out of flying school, because, of all things, he was too nervous. . . . **Lt. Eddie Berlinski**, one-time North Carolina State and Newark Bear football ace, has been reported by the War Department as a prisoner of war in Germany. Earlier he was listed as missing in action in North Africa. . . . **Sgt. Ben Hogan**, golf's leading money winner during '40 and '41, is shooting for a commission at the AAF OCS at Miami Beach, Fla. . . . **Dizzy Dean** is now 1-A. Greetings, pal.

Ozzie Simmons, Iowa's All-American end of a few years ago, is ticketed for induction. . . . **Johnny Mowers**, goalie of the Detroit Red Wings, who enlisted in the CRAF, was the sixth member of the Stanley Cup champions to join the armed forces of the United Nations. . . . **Patty Berg**, the golfing frail, was sworn into the Marines Women's Reserves within 24 hours after she won the women's title at Tam O'Shanter. . . . **Pvt. Sixto Escobar**, former bantamweight champion, is teaching boxing to the MPs in Puerto Rico. . . . What's this we hear about **Frankie Kovacs** being a lieutenant? The last we heard Frankie was a corporal and driving every first sergeant in Australia crazy.

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"ARE YOU SURE THIS IS ONLY A GAS DRILL?"
—Cpl. Hugh E. Kennedy, San Bernardino, Calif.

"THAT ISN'T QUITE THE TYPE OF BOOBY TRAP WE HAD IN MIND, FLETCHER."
—Sgt. Douglas Borgstedt

"Butts on that, corporal, when you've finished it."

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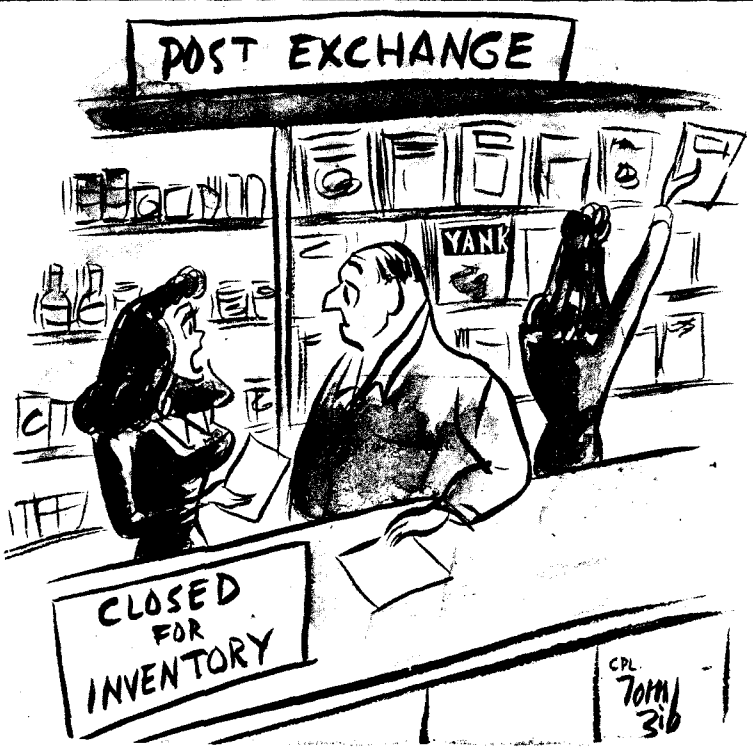
"IT STARTED OUT AS HIS FOXHOLE, SIR."
—Sgt. Irwin Caplan, Fort Knox, Ky.



"I'VE CHECKED ALL THE FOODS, TOILET ARTICLES AND MAGAZINES, BUT ONE OF THE GIRLS IS MISSING."
—Cpl. Tom Zibelli, Camp Davis, N. C.

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